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WHITTIER CORRESPONDENCE

WHITTIER CORRESPONDENCE

From the Oak Knoll Collections

1830-1892

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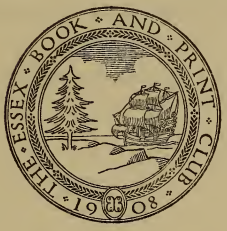

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TO THE DAUGHTERS OF
COLONEL EDMUND JOHNSON OF OAK KNOLL
MISS CAROLINE CARTLAND JOHNSON
AND
MRS. ABBY JOHNSON WOODMAN
IN WHOSE HOME WHITTIER,
WHEN THREE-SCORE AND TEN,
SOUGHT AND FOUND
CARE, CONSIDERATION, COMFORT,
UNTIL
"THE GREAT SILENCE AT LAST FELL ON HIM."

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INTRODUCTION

THESE letters cover sixty-two years of the life of a man to whom Essex County owes a debt, for Whittier has thrown over this region a charm that has made it one of the world's ideal spots. And he has sung of its beauty so effectively that the pilgrim, who does not see what Whittier saw, will rest content that the failure is due to his own lack of perception. But yet, beautiful though the country seems in the verse, the people of the poems rest under a shadow, for there it appears that they persecute their neighbors as Quakers, hang them as witches, and sail away from them as they drown.

However, it is not because Whittier is so closely associated with Essex County that the correspondence here printed is of value. It is rather that through these letters we can learn of Whittier himself, whose memory is cherished as the poet of home and childhood, of sympathy for the burdened and the oppressed, of encouragement for the down-hearted, of suggestion for the enthusiast, of inspiration for men of affairs. And though he practically retired from this work-a-day world at the age of thirty-three, an invalid, here are letters that show him to have been among his cotemporaries a power as an editor, a politician, and an anti-slavery worker.

And these letters were preserved by Whittier himself. Shortly after his removal to Danvers in 1876 because of changes in the Amesbury household, he spent a day at his former home and returned to Oak

Knoll with a mass of papers, saying, with a smile at the bulk of the package, that one could not tell about the future, and so he thought he would have these near him. It is from this collection, which Whittier himself made, that the letters here printed were selected for preservation, through the kind permission and coöperation of Mrs. Woodman and Miss Johnson. Once, when asked where he lived, he replied: "I retain my legal residence in Amesbury and I go there to vote, but my home is at Oak Knoll." And it was his home until his death in 1892, as pleasing references to it in these letters show. Great is the contrast between the modest house on the village street in Amesbury that had been his home for forty years, and the stately mansion at Oak Knoll, set back from the travelled road among grand trees and spacious surroundings. Here he could entertain his old friends, and he could also receive in fitting manner the host of "pilgrims," as he called them, who came from far and wide, and it may be added, it is still a shrine, though almost a score of years has passed since he left it forever.

Among the earlier letters are a number exchanged between Whittier and his family, the characters immortalized in "Snow-Bound." Personal and familiar in their tone, they contain allusions which must be analyzed, for under that roof and around that hearth were the influences that shaped Whittier, the man of power.

The first letter, that from Hartford in 1830 to his mother, was written when Whittier, a young man of twenty-two, was away from home and among strangers. He had already had some hard and discouraging ex-

perience in newspaper work in Boston, but now in the home of that renowned coterie, the Hartford Wits, he was to succeed the brilliant George D. Prentice, as editor of the "New England Review," a weekly paper, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year.[1] Whittier through his contributions to that paper, had made a pleasing impression on Prentice, so that when Prentice went to Kentucky to aid in the campaign of Clay for the Presidency, the young Haverhill Quaker was the one chosen to be the editor. With such an introduction Whittier's place in the social circles of the "little city," as he later called it, was established, and, for the first time, he was enjoying the stimulus of urban life. He was finding Hartford to be "a pleasant city and full of clever people." Fifty-five years afterwards he looked back, and again wrote, "I was there two years and had a pleasant time."[2]

In 1832 he returned to Haverhill where, through the death of his father, he had to take up the "daily duties of a large farm." But his two years in the world had broadened his outlook and stirred his ambition. Already the cause of the slave had appealed to him, and just before his return to farm life, he published his poem to Garrison, now placed at the beginning of his anti-slavery verse, every line of which rings with the exultant enthusiasm of one who knows the perils, and is thrilled at the sight of the leader.

It may be that it was a letter[3] from this leader,

[1] See Appendix A, p. 263.

[2] *Memorial History of Hartford County, Conn.*, i, 614 (1886).

[3] This letter, printed in full in Carpenter, *Whittier*, 117, was in the package Whittier brought to Oak Knoll, where it is in the possession of his cousins, Mrs. Woodman and Miss Johnson.

Garrison, that decided Whittier to identify himself with the "mighty purpose" of that

> "Champion of those who groan beneath
> Oppression's iron hand." [1]

Or it may be that Whittier had reached that point in his own thought where such a letter would lead to a decision. In this letter Garrison, after depicting the curse of slavery, concluded: — "This, then, is a time for the philanthropist, any friend of his country, to put forth his energies, in order to let the oppressed go free, and sustain the republic. The cause is worthy of Gabriel, yea, the God of hosts places himself at its head. Whittier, enlist. Your talents, zeal, influence, all are needed."

Three months later, June, 1833, Whittier at his own expense printed his pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency; or Slavery considered with a View to its Rightful and Effectual Remedy, Abolition." [2] The immediate interest this pamphlet has in connection with these letters lies in the statement of the end to be sought and the manner of attainment. In it he recognizes the power of "the terrible and unrebukable indignation of a free people," which must be aroused and concentrated against the forces of slavery. He knows that public opinion, when fully awakened, can overcome all the obstacles to abolition, however great. And this mighty force is to be brought to act, "not with the weapons of violence and blood, but with those of reason and truth, prayer to God and entreaty to man," and these letters show that Whittier's lifelong course was but a working out of this policy.

[1] "To William Lloyd Garrison," *Poems*, 262, *Cambridge Edition*.

[2] *Prose Works*, iii, 34.

It may not seem fitting to style Whittier an agitator, but such indeed he was, and in his comment on W. E. Channing's "Slavery" (quoted note 1, page 44) he expressed strong approval of agitation. There is, however, a difference in agitators and a diversity in their methods. With Garrison, the personality of the man himself so entered the cause of the slave that it became in the minds of the public his own cause, and he, its especial advocate. But with Whittier, as is seen in these letters, there was not the arousing of impulse and feeling, but rather the appeal to "reason and truth," as he declared in his "Justice and Expediency," and it required skilful and adroit handling of men, first to enlist them in the tedious and difficult struggles incident to a third party in politics, and then to hold their allegiance year after year.

Whittier must have known what it was to support an unpopular cause, though pure the motives and high the aim. The caution after the allusion to "gin-sling and brandy" in the first letter, is a reference to the temperance principles of his friend and patron, A. W. Thayer, the publisher of the "Haverhill Gazette," which was "the first political paper and the second paper of any kind" to advocate total abstinence from liquor.[1] So earnest and effective was Thayer's course that, in a short time, he lost four hundred subscribers, a loss almost calamitous to a paper of its limited circulation.

But in reading these letters there is one factor that must not, indeed it cannot, be overlooked, the "plain coat" of the Quaker. The extent of its influence and power can best be determined after some conception is formed of what it stood for in Essex County two

[1] Chase, *Haverhill* (1861), 654.

centuries ago, for to the traditions associated with this plain coat its wearers succeeded. This appears in Franklin Whittier's letter (page 89) where he and Nathan wore their hats in a meeting, "as a testimony." Though the style of this coat was that worn by quietly dressed people of the seventeenth century, the fact that the Quakers clung to it through changing fashions, shows that it stood for something definite in their minds, and the "world's people" naturally made inquiry as to what it meant, if indeed they were not already informed by some of the ranting Quakers.

The coat signified that its wearer was "bearing witness," which is a euphemism for making a protest, a protest against show, ornament, and amusement, against rites and ceremonies in the churches, against class distinctions in social life, in brief, a broad protest against what had become generally recognized as the graces, the courtesies, and the conventionalities of active life. Through the donning of this peculiar coat its wearer was promptly identified as one who was, in effect, silently charging those he met with insincerity and moral weakness. Such a protest against those things which are at the basis of social life, was a hindrance in the intercourse of man and man. It would excite either respect, pity, ridicule, or resentment, and which it might be, had to be determined before mutual confidence, needful to the establishment of satisfactory relations, could exist. Furthermore, such a coat with its burden of reproof must dominate the wearer, or else the man himself must have sufficient strength of character to rise above its influence.

To understand how these traditions became established and how deeply they were rooted, some atten-

tion must be given to the current thought when the Quakers came into the region associated with the events of Whittier's poems. The civil government of the Bay Colony was based on the Bible, especially the laws of Moses and the Pauline Epistles, literally interpreted. While it was in contemplation that there should be no appeal from the "Thus saith the Lord," it was recognized by the General Court that there might be difficulty in applying the ancient law to modern instances. But still their thought was that the Book was the supreme standard and rule.[1]

As a consequence the character of the prevailing thought was fixed by the *meeting* house, the centre of the life of the community. But here again existed a rigidity difficult to comprehend in these days, for both the pulpit and the pew tried to conform and to hold others to

"the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,"

as Whittier calls them (*Poems*, 74), which must be kept in mind in a study of that time. These Five Points,

[1] The Governor, Deputy Governor, Thomas Dudley, John Haynes, Richard Bellingham, Esq., Mr. Cotton, Mr. Peters and Mr. Shepheard are entreated to make a draught of laws agreeable to the Word of God, which may be the fundamentals of this Commonwealth, and to present the same to the next General Court. And it is ordered, that in the mean time the magistrates and their associates shall proceed in the courts to hear and determine all causes according to the laws now established, and where there is no law, then as near the law of God as they can; and for all business out of Court for which there is no certain rule yet set down, those of the standing counsel, or some two of them, shall take order by their best discretion, that they may be ordered and ended according to the rule of God's word, and to take care for all military affairs till the next General Court.

Mass. Bay Colony Records, i, 174.

which have so far passed from the thought of the present day that it is a mark of rare erudition for one to recite them, are particular election, limited atonement, original sin, irresistible grace, final perseverance of the saints. Fortunately there is no occasion to discuss in this connection how, even then, these points were controverted.[1]

Into the community pervaded by this inelastic and unyielding school of thought, there came the Quaker with his new doctrine, that there was in each man the "Light Within," a manifestation of the Spirit of God serving as a guide whose voice of direction or prompting must be obeyed. Furthermore, he taught that, because the Spirit is in every man, all men are equal. That is, they preached the brotherhood of man, a logical deduction from their position as to the equality of man. Clearly, therefore, the Quaker must oppose both war and slavery. But because the first of these propositions, that as to the Inward Guide, could not be deduced from the phrases of the Five Points, its supporters were unhesitatingly disapproved. The second, the equality of man, likewise subjected them to disfavor, because, if put into practice, it would destroy the social order and the civil government. But, with the experience of two centuries and more behind us, we now can see that, formulating the controversy briefly in terms of to-day, the Puritan sought direction through the Book, while the Quaker relied on the "Light Within." Or, practically, the Puritan taught that man should search for God, while the Quaker proclaimed that God was searching for man.

[1] Schaff, *Creeds of Christendom*, i, 508. "The Arminian Controversy and the Synod of Dort."

The Quaker of that time could not express his thought with Whittier's felicity, and even if he had been able, the Puritan could not have understood it. In "Lines in Remembrance of Joseph Sturge," the English Quaker whose important letter to Whittier is here printed (page 69), there is an illustration of how charmingly the poet could express a Quaker tenet, that of the Spirit being in every man: —

> "Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
> Who in the vilest saw
> Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
> Still vocal with God's law;
> And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing
> As from its prison cell,
> Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
> Of Jonah out of hell."
>
> (*Poems*, 199.)

But because the Puritan and the Quaker did not and could not understand each other, and because the matter in controversy was deemed by each to be so vital, the long, painful, and distressing experiences followed, some phases of which, modified by the exigencies of rhyme and metre, are preserved for all time in Whittier's verse.

When, after some years, both Puritan and Quaker found that they could live side by side and do business together, there was still left the spirit of protest, strengthened by the thought or remembrance or tradition of the experiences of the earlier years, until one now queries at times whether the protest against what had happened years before was not as much emphasized as the affirmations concerning things spiritual.

Whittier seemed to feel the need of a statement of

what the Quaker stood for, when peace and quiet came, and in "The Preacher," based on the story of Whitefield and the work of "the priests of the New Evangel" at the time of the Great Revival in the eighteenth century, such is to be found. The community was then stirred to its depths and its thought changed, while the "self-concentred" Quaker, at least in the poem, took an independent, if not indifferent attitude, for then,

> "With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat cool,
> Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,
> No longer harried, and cropped, and fleeced,
> Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,
> But by wiser counsels left at ease
> To settle quietly on his lees,
> And, self-concentred, to count as done
> The work which his fathers well begun,
> In silent protest of letting alone,
> The Quaker kept the way of his own, —
> A non-conductor among the wires,
> With coat of asbestos proof to fires.
> And quite unable to mend his pace
> To catch the falling manna of grace,
> He hugged the closer his little store
> Of faith, and silently prayed for more.
> And vague of creed and barren of rite,
> But holding, as in his Master's sight,
> Act and thought to the inner light,
> The round of his simple duties walked,
> And strove to live what the others talked."
>
> ("The Preacher," *Poems*, 72.)

Here Whittier contents himself with a recital of the facts, and leaves to others to show the influence of

the Quakers in this movement, as well as its effect upon them, for it was searching and lasting.

But what is there left, when the protest and the occasion for it no longer exist? How does the Quaker in "the round of his simple duties" meet problems that arise for solution within the society, organized as are others in the community for the same great end, the good of humanity? Now the manner in which an organization deals with difficulties determines its policy and its character. Whittier in his communication to the "Friends Review," mentioned in the letter (page 173), speaks of a difficulty and suggests to his fellow Friends a remedy for "the low condition and worldliness too apparent among us," that is, among the Friends as such, not the "world's people." This, he says, "does not lie in will worship, schools of theology, in much speaking and noise and vehemence, nor in vain attempts to make the plain language of Quakerism utter the Shibboleth of man-made creeds; but in heeding more closely the Inward Guide and Teacher, in faith in Christ not merely in His historical manifestation of the Divine Love to humanity, but in His living presence in hearts open to receive Him; in love for Him manifested in denial of self, in charity and love to our neighbor; and in a deeper realization of the truth of the apostle's declaration: 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'"

If it were claimed that this is a statement of doctrine peculiar to Quakerism and characteristic of it, there would be assertions on every hand that such a declara-

tion is broader than any sect and deeper than any "ism," in brief, that it is a basal statement of Christianity as to-day recognized. Therefore, when the protest is relaxed and withdrawn and the affirmation alone remains, Quakerism,

> "vague of creed and barren of rite,"

has little to differentiate it from what its neighbors generally profess and affirm, and then Quakerism as a special form of religious organization ceases to be.

The protest has been withdrawn and the Quaker coat has disappeared from Essex County. Furthermore, even among the descendants of its wearers, an inquiry as to what were the distinctive teachings of the Quakers will yield replies having to do with the apparel or customs only.

In Whittier's "The Quaker Alumni" (*Poems*, 220), he records his prophecy: —

> "There are those that take note that our numbers are small, —
> New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;
> But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of His own,
> And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown.
> The last of his sect to his fathers may go,
> Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show;
> But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with years,
> Till the false dies away, and the wrong disappears."

These broad, sweeping statements of the ultimate triumph of the truth for which the coat stands, coupled with admissions of decline and fall, prompt the inquiry what Whittier saw in the conditions and prospects of the Society of Friends to indicate the fading away of its supporters.

Whittier appreciated this. The man whose verse moves men; who boldly and unflinchingly undertook to free the slave; whose counsel and judgment these letters show was sought by leaders of men; he knew the rules which govern mankind. He knew from experience that a protest can serve as a rallying cry among men only so long as that against which it is raised is stronger. When the protest itself gains the mastery, it must stand for affirmative, constructive work, or its adherents divide and scatter.

In him the appreciation of constructive work was greater than the sense of protest. The man dominated the coat. Lowell recognized this and wrote of him in 1848: —

> "There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
> Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
> And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
> Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect."
>
> (Lowell, "A Fable for Critics," *Poems*, 132.)

If a search is made in Whittier's verse for what will define the tenets of the Quakers, so that they can be distinguished from those of other societies that call for activities and service, the result will be indefinite, because, though Whittier may have thought he was giving expression to teachings peculiar to his ancestral sect, he actually was putting into verse truths to which the response is world wide. His poems that deal with the better and the higher nature of man, are the expression of truth as it came through his personality and they bear his lasting impress. Therefore the value of these letters is manifest, for they reveal the Whittier of real life among his friends and in the world of men.

But nevertheless the Quaker atmosphere of protest and of brotherly love as well, in which Whittier was born and grew to manhood, had its effect, which must be remembered in a study of these letters, for in such an environment his sympathies, naturally keen and strong, were especially quickened on behalf of any who were down-trodden and oppressed. This works out curiously in his verse, as may be seen in two poems, each having as its subject a similar incident, the sensational entrance of a woman into a meeting-house at an inopportune time, with consequent disturbance of the service.

In one it is the Quaker for whom our sympathies are sought: —

"She came and stood in the Old South Church,
A wonder and a sign,
With a look the old-time sibyls wore,
Half crazed and half divine.

"Save the mournful sack cloth about her wound,
Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes that blazed
With a fire she dare not smother." [1]

In the other poem it is the young slave mother of whose sad and helpless plight we read: —

"Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right up the aisle she glided,
While close behind her, whip in hand,
A lank-haired hunter strided. . . .

"I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles harshly clanking;

[1] In the "Old South," *Poems*, 121.

I heard the parson, over all,
The Lord devoutly thanking." [1]

Here Whittier is righteously angered against the present evil of human bondage, and against all who do not take his uncompromising stand, while in the former, through the woman who came under the civil authority because the people of that day were as keen as we to resent a violation of the proprieties, he seeks to arouse his readers to an active sympathy with the participants of an old strife, the elements of which are little comprehended. In the letters he does not take such equivocal positions, for he patiently and deliberately calculates each step in a plan, while in the poems there is the storm of indignation and of invective and the swift leap from premise to conclusion.

In the minds of Whittier's readers the Quaker and the witch seem in some way to be connected, and that one was a cause or a result of the other, for they are placed together so frequently in the verse. Whittier's conception of the conditions that existed in Salem Village, now Danvers, where the delusion began, is indicated in the lines he wrote for the monument erected in memory of Rebecca Nurse, one of the first victims, at her grave and near the house in which she lived:—

"O, Christian martyr who for truth could die,
When all about thee owned the hideous lie;
The world, redeemed from superstition's sway,
Is breathing freer for thy sake to-day."

Standing near this is another monument on which is carved the statement with the names of the thirty-nine signers, all friends and neighbors, who testify concern-

[1] "A Sabbath Scene," *Poems*, 312.

ing this aged object of the delusion that "we never had any grounds or cause to suspect her of any such thing as she is now accused of." This clearly contradicts the second line of the verse.

Upham, than whom none has made a closer study, wrote: "An examination of [these thirty-nine] names in connection with the history of the Village will show conclusive proof, that, if the matter had been left to the people there, it would never have reached the point to which it was carried. It was the influence of the magistracy and the government of the colony, and the public sentiment elsewhere, overruling that of the immediate locality, that drove on the storm."[1]

The Quaker and the witch will ever be hanging in Whittier's poems and none can remove them. While through the labors of the student, each decade sees a better understanding of the first century of Massachusetts, it will be many score of years before the popular mind can think along other lines and in different phrase from that of Whittier's verse.

But will his portrayal of slavery stand the test of time? Does his verse reflect his experiences as a leader in that magnificent achievement of the nineteenth century, the freeing of the slave? In that contest it seems that to the inborn spirit of protest against oppression there was added the force of his own "terrible and unrebukable indignation," and these letters show how he wrought and what a place he attained in the estimation of his associates, on whom with him rested the great responsibility. They recognized not only his zeal, but his discernment and his discretion, two qualities especially needed at a time when fads and no-

[1] Upham, *Witchcraft in Salem Village*, ii, 273.

tions abounded, and when methods of arousing and concentrating public attention were unskilful and crude.

Before the break came in 1840 between the abolitionists under Garrison, who would talk but would not vote, and the anti-slavery men who planned to combat slavery through the ballot-box, there was action without definite plan. There were those who were intent on abolition alone, and there were others who would rally to the support of any notion whose adherents would in turn support abolition. Not only were there discussions and dissensions about the colonization of the Negro in Africa, and whether emancipation should be immediate or gradual, but there were divisions on woman suffrage, Grahamism or vegetarianism, family government, temperance, and a multitude of other schemes and theories intended to ameliorate and elevate man's condition, but which, by diverting the attention, hindered the progress of the main issue, the slave and his freedom.

The state of "betweenity" of Dr. Harris, so felicitously described by Franklin Whittier (page 56), reveals the mental situation with which the anti-slavery men had to contend in their efforts to secure single-minded supporters. Joseph Sturge had heard of this in England, and alludes to it in his letter asking Whittier to be his companion on the journey of investigation in this country (page 69).

But there was one issue on which all could unite for action, and this the various correspondents constantly discuss, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, for it was a grief and reproach indeed that slavery should exist in the capital of the nation.

On his journey with Whittier, Sturge visited Washington in 1841, and, returning to England, published abroad this sad comment: —

"The District of Columbia is the chief seat of the American slave trade; commercial enterprise there has no other object. Washington is one of the best supplied and most frequented slave marts in the world."[1]

Whittier's "At Washington" (*Poems*, 295), suggested by a visit four years later, expresses the same fact in verse: —

> "Still the dance goes gaily onward!
> What is it to Wealth and Pride
> That without the stars are looking
> On a scene that earth should hide?
> That the slave-ship lies in waiting,
> Rocking on Potomac's tide."

To circulate petitions to Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District was an effective means of arousing interest, because appeals could be made, even to the lukewarm and indifferent, on the ground that slavery at Washington was a matter personal to each citizen of the United States. Both Cushing (page 38), and Phillips (page 41), deal with this subject in detail as it was in December, 1835, and show the difficulties attendant on the presentation of the petitions.

How keenly Whittier felt on this subject of what was practically a denial of the right of petition, may be seen in his lines on "The New Year" (*Poems*, 281), addressed to the subscribers of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," 1839. Atherton of New Hampshire had introduced a rule which the House had passed, that all petitions referring to slavery should be received

[1] Sturge, *Visit to the U. S. in 1841*, 74.

but neither read nor referred. To this act Whittier refers: —

> "And he, the basest of the base,
> The vilest of the vile, whose name
> Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
> Is deathless in its shame!"

And yet, in spite of the vast amount of time and effort directed to the abolition of slavery in the District, it was not accomplished until 1862, and then as a result of a series of measures passed to meet conditions due to the war. As Whittier says in "Astræa at the Capitol" (*Poems*, 338): —

> "Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
> The message of deliverance comes,
> But heralded by roll of drums
> On waves of battle-troubled air."

Except the obscure reference in Elizabeth Whittier's letter, September, 1837 (page 54), and the letter of Whittier (page 58), accompanying copies of his poems, it is December, 1842, before there is a letter having to do directly with his literary work, and then it is a request from Lowell for a contribution to the "Pioneer," a monthly magazine, destined, however, to be short-lived, as but three numbers appeared.

In 1847 Whittier became connected with the "National Era" of Washington, a paper started under anti-slavery auspices with Dr. Gamaliel Bailey as editor, which attained success at once. It was in this paper that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared as a serial. During its life from 1847 until March, 1860, the name of John G. Whittier as corresponding editor was printed in bold type below the title of the paper. To

this he contributed constantly, both in prose and verse, so that through this means his name became widely known.

The letter from E. P. Hill in 1853 (page 119) about the lithograph of the old Whittier home at East Haverhill, a dozen years before "Snow-Bound" appeared, proves that there was then a demand by the public for something about Whittier's personality. Fortunately, in this connection, the letter of Whittier to his old friend Currier, telling about a visit to the house forty years after the family moved to Amesbury, can be here preserved (page 212).

That Charles Sumner, who kept all letters he received so that they fill one hundred and seventy volumes, should have carefully placed those from Whittier by themselves in a special volume, indicates his regard for his friend.[1] And that Whittier should have been the first to suggest to Sumner that he serve as Senator from Massachusetts, shows how accurate was Whittier's estimate of the man and of his capabilities as a leader in the anti-slavery cause.[2]

[1] The *Letter Books of Sumner* contain the letters received by him from 1830 until his death in 1874. These were used by E. L. Pierce in the preparation of his *Life of Sumner* and after his death they were given by his family to the Library of Harvard College. The classification is for the greater part chronological, 121 volumes being thus arranged. There are 25 volumes of "foreign" letters. The correspondents whose letters are kept in one volume each are Giddings, Longfellow, Parker, Prescott, Whittier and J. S. Fay. A number of volumes contain letters from a few specially chosen correspondents, with whom Sumner had much to do at times.

[2] In a letter to Elias Nason, dated Amesbury, 8th month, 1874, Whittier, in reference to Sumner's election, said, "I am inclined to believe that I was the first to suggest to him, in the summer of 1850, the possibility of his election to the Senate. He thought it im-

Though the letters here included are but a few of the many that remain, still they add to our knowledge of both men. The correspondence begins at the period when the anti-slavery men, who with Whittier believed that the emancipation of the slave, if brought about, must come through political action, were considering what course to pursue in the Presidential election of 1848. For two campaigns they had gone to the polls as the Liberty party, a third party, but the results, while encouraging, did not seem to bring any nearer the freedom of the slave. The party had not carried even one State, though by their influence they turned the scale in New York.

By 1848 the slave power had grown aggressive, if not defiant. The Missouri Compromise, the Annexation of Texas and the Mexican War had become facts and convinced these ardent workers that, in spite of their efforts, they were not making progress. They determined that the policy of compromise and of procrastination must cease, and that something must be accomplished.

The Whigs were being divided into two factions, differentiated by the epithets of Conscience and of Cotton. It needed but one decisive event to bring together the aroused masses, and that event proved to be the nomination of a slave-holder, Zachary Taylor,

practicable, and stated with emphasis, that he desired no office, that his plans of life did not contemplate anything of the kind, and that he greatly doubted his natural fitness for political life. He made no pledges nor explanations of any kind to insure his election when it took place."

Elias Nason, *Life of Charles Sumner* (1874), 142.

In Whittier's poem "To Charles Sumner" (*Poems*, 196), he alludes to this "large future shaped" for Sumner.

for the Presidency in 1848, and this nomination the Cotton Whigs endorsed. The indignant Conscience Whigs were stirred to action. They called the convention at Worcester, which led Whittier to write the letter of 23rd 6th mo, 1848 (page 97). Five thousand attended, and the meetings had to be held in the open air. This was the beginning of the organized Free Soil party, which later became the Republican party of Lincoln's time. There are a number of letters that discuss the very complicated political situation of that campaign as well as the local conditions later in Massachusetts, when the Free Soil party was throwing its influence with the Democrats as against the Whigs, one result being the election of Sumner as Senator in April, 1851.

While the intense devotion of Whittier and of Sumner to the cause of emancipation may have been, in itself, a sufficient ground for their friendship, still it may be asked whether the fact that in their domestic and family relations there was a parallel may not also have drawn them to each other, and furthermore whether the isolated lives of these two who, by chance or choice, did not have the experiences of other men who established homes of their own, with the joys and duties, may not have been an additional bond. Each had the home ties of his childhood and youth still unbroken. The mother of each was living, active and strong, and at the head of her home. Each man was able to throw himself with great zeal into the cause of human freedom, a zeal that might perhaps have been less effective under other home conditions. The bitter feeling aroused against those who enlisted in the cause of emancipation was well known to each. From the time

of the publication of "Justice and Expediency" in 1833 Whittier had many an occasion to realize that he was not regarded with favor by a large part of the world, while the social ostracism of Sumner by those in Boston among whom he had lived his life, is a matter of history.

The close and confidential relations of Whittier and Sumner, as shown in these letters, covering a quarter of a century of intense activity, warrant the inclusion of letters closely connected with the manuscripts at Oak Knoll. Some of them have been printed, but comparison shows that in most instances some striking and pertinent phrases and sentences have been omitted. As each man was a master of English and determined to make his thought known to the other, it is but fair and right that the letters appear in full.

The latest letters between Sumner and Whittier were written in times of storm and stress. The work of the cowardly Brooks in 1856 was telling on Sumner in his advancing years. To the new issues and the new men who were their advocates, Sumner could not readily accommodate himself and adjust his thought. It was to his old friend Whittier that he turned for the sympathetic support denied him elsewhere. On May 31, 1872, Sumner delivered in the Senate a scathing, stinging philippic on "Republicanism *vs.* Grantism," which at that time, the campaign of Grant for a second term, aroused deep resentment, for he had attacked a popular idol. Whittier's loyal letter of sympathy (page 282) must have been welcome indeed, for Sumner was breaking ties with his political friends, and his attitude was not calculated to draw new ones to him.

The speech against Grant was succeeded two months later by a letter written by Sumner which still further alienated those who had considered themselves bound politically to him. This letter was a long one, urging colored men to vote for Greeley, to which Garrison replied, warmly defending Grant (page 181). The correspondence here included, reveals how deep was the friendship to which Sumner turned in his isolation which was now not sentimental but actual, and we therefore regret the more that Whittier could not comply, in part at least, with Longfellow's request (page 190) that the poet write a life of the orator, though we do have the strong, tender, discriminating poem, "Sumner" (*Poems*, 208).

With the establishment of the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1857 there came a turn in Whittier's life which is reflected in the letters during the years that followed. He is no longer the adherent of an unpopular cause that calls for his verse to arouse the sleeping moral sense of the community, nor does he carry the responsibility of arranging the policies of political parties. He has become the man of letters, and he is included in the brotherhood so delightfully described by Holmes in his letter of September 7, 1879. Lowell, too, recognizes Whittier as one of that group of rare men who coöperated in the beginnings of the "Atlantic."

But the pleasure to be found in these letters is not in the historical allusion to the political strife, or even to the glorious uprising for human freedom. It is in the revelation of Whittier's delightful intercourse with his friends. Some who had years before borne with Whittier the burden of the slave, recall the experiences of their youth. Some write him from delight at writ-

ing, for they loved the man, and they enjoy telling him that they take pleasure in the friendship. Others in addition show deep respect for his counsel and judgment. It is to be noted how many requests there are for Whittier's aid, and he seems ready to comply. There are situations suggested at times that seem to lead inevitably to action by Whittier, but none is taken. Either his health does not permit, or his well-known aversion to appearing in public prevents. Or it may be that his Quaker principles stand in the way. Later in life, however, it is his counsel that men seek; they do not look for his personal presence. The result was that Whittier occupied a peculiarly strong position, for he suggested, while it was left to others to execute. In the event of delay or defeat, he was not the one on whom the responsibility was placed; it was rather on the men of action. And such counsellors are needed, for, as in Whittier's case, the sober, calm judgment of one who can view a matter from the outside and broadly, is of great value to those who are in the midst of the strife and may be confused by the turmoil.

His anxiety about the Grimké sisters' course at a time when multitudes were waiting on their words; his foresight that through a third party must success come, though slow, uncertain and wearisome at times might be its progress; his judgment of men and of their respective capabilities for special duties; all show that the confidence of his friends was well founded. And all this demonstrates too that the poet, for it is as a poet that Whittier will live, was not a dreamer, an austere ascetic, a recluse, who by chance was able to give expression to thoughts that the world of action gladly welcomes, but that he was a man among men.

And so the inquiry as to the poet's personality persists, for that personality dominates the verse.

The three men whose names are now closely associated with Whittier's, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, were clearly conventional in their manners and customs, and they mingled with their neighbors and with the world on equal terms. The reader does not feel that he must have a knowledge of the writer's personality in order to interpret the poems or understand the allusions. There is, of course, the interest that attaches to any author who attracts us, but it is not of the same kind or degree as that which leads us to study Whittier himself. And, while searching for facts about Whittier to see why he could and should give voice to such thoughts of love and of power, we find these words of warning: —

> "Why should the stranger peer and pry
> One's vacant house of life about,
> And drag for curious ear and eye
> His faults and follies out?
>
> "Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,
> With chaff of words, the garb he wore,
> As corn husks when the ear is gone
> Are rustled all the more?
>
> "Let kindly Silence close again,
> The picture vanish from the eye,
> And on the dim and misty main
> Let the small ripple die."
>
> ("My Namesake," *Poems*, 393.)

But because the experiences in his poems are his; the scenes are laid in his own county and his own valley; the people are his neighbors, his friends, his family;

and even in his religious verse, which has a fervor rarely found, there is still the tinge due to his personal interpretation of the faith of his ancestors, so there will always be the inquiry as to who and what was Whittier? And in these letters is the answer, for here can be seen his growth from the time of his first extended absence from home, even before he enlisted in the cause of the slave, to the end of his long life sixty-two years later; first the young editor; then the anti-slavery worker; then the politician still pressing for emancipation in a practical way, by the ballot; then the trusted friend of Sumner; and always the Quaker with his inherited traditions to be sustained and his personal faith to be lived. Meanwhile he is at work on his verse by which his fame is made secure. He makes new friends, sees new life and forms new associations, and these experiences appear in the letters.

Though many of the writers have become subject to the pitiless, relentless operation of the Act of Oblivion which is gradually but surely extending over others, yet in their correspondence is preserved the intercourse of Whittier and his friends, through which we can see him, as they saw him, and we can learn why he rightly deserved and received the confidence, the respect, the love of his associates.

JOHN ALBREE.

CORRESPONDENCE

To HIS MOTHER

Hartford, 9th of 9th month, 1830.

My Dear Mother:

I have concluded it best to write this morning, because my paper of tomorrow contains an apology for not having more editorial matter in it, on account of my ill-health. The truth is I have had a tremendous cold — a sort of influenza, which is very prevalent at this time; and have been confined at home most of the time for a week or ten days past; I am getting over it slowly. I have an excellent place here, at Esq. Law's; all the family are very, very kind. His wife is one of the very best of women; she is always ready to do anything for me. There are three young ladies boarding here — two of whom are now sick with this same influenza, so that we can all be unhappy together. Why, we have taken herb drink enough to carry a saw-mill four and twenty hours, — and as for medicine, I have had enough of that, and furthermore I have broken over the Temperance rules; and gin-sling and brandy and laudanum are getting to be familiar to me. Don't mention this to Thayer.[1] By the way how does Thayer get along now? A new paper has been got up there I see — by a poor, miserable, good natured fellow of a *******, but it won't live. It cannot possibly survive a twelvemonth.

I got a letter from Mercy[2] the other day, and was

[1] A. W. Thayer (1796–1864), editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, aided Whittier in many ways during the early years.

[2] Mercy Evans Hussey, sister of Whittier's mother.

> "The sweetest woman ever Fate
> Perverse denied a household mate."
>
> *Snow-Bound.*

very glad to hear from you. I owe a letter to Franklin [1] and shall let him have it soon. He wrote me a real good letter. How is Elizabeth? [2] Does she write poetry now? That "Penitent" of hers was well done — only if I had been at home I should have suggested an alteration. Tell her I shall come home in November and will look over her pieces. Tell her to fill up the chest-drawer up in my chamber with them. How does Jacob and Mary [3] do? I know well enough whose work it was sending that poetry of E. to Thayer. I have n't forgotten the piece that was carried to Reinhart.[4] Does Jacob get my paper regularly? I am afraid the papers of last week did n't reach Haverhill, as I did n't see to it myself.

The folks here say that E. will make a better writer than her brother. Only think of that. — Oh! one of our female boarders is the girl that Prentice was dying for — almost — and he has written poetry enough to her to fill a meal-bag. The only gentleman boarder

[1] Matthew Franklin Whittier (1812–1883).

"Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now, —
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful fireplace paled and shone."

[2] Elizabeth Hussey Whittier (1815–1864).

"Our youngest and our dearest."

[3] Mary (1806–1860), Whittier's elder sister, wife of Jacob Caldwell.

"A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just. . . .
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice."

[4] E. W. Reinhart was for some months editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, preceding Thayer. Chase, *Hist. Haverhill*, 654.

here is Dr. Crane — a clever young physician — who has been very kind to me ever since I have been here.

The people here like me very well, I believe, and I do them. But I want to get back to Haverhill once more and spend a good time with you. Is Mary Hepsy with you now? My love to her, and to Uncle Jones' folks. How does Lois Chase get along now? Is she about getting married? If so, I am glad of it.

But I must stop writing. I have been, except this cold, very well since I have been here. Tis a pleasant place: and full of clever people. Tell Elizabeth I am sorry she did not continue at the Academy. If she sees the village girls soon, let her give my love — almost — to them.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Somebody must write soon.

To HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

Boston, 12th 4th month, '35.

DEAR ELIZABETH:

I am getting better slowly and the Doctor thinks I can be able to ride to Haverhill the latter part of this week, if nothing happens. I may possibly come, Sixth day, if the weather is good.[1] At all events Aunt Mercy will come up from Salem that day, so somebody had better go to the village. And you will be likely to get one or the other of us, perhaps both. I rode out to Roxbury yesterday and to-day, although I don't like the east wind which is very chilly here.

Tell Franklin that I shall bring home with me, or shortly after, a young "*nigger*," a bright active boy about 13, who is highly recommended as a well behaved and intelligent youngster. He has always lived in the city, and I suppose it will take sometime to learn him to work, etc. but his school-master says he is very tractable.

Geo. Thompson[2] visited me yesterday. He lectured in the afternoon to about 500 ladies and at the close

[1] The session of the Massachusetts Legislature in which Whittier served as a member from Haverhill, was nearing its close.

[2] George Thompson (1804–1878), the English anti-slavery orator, arrived in the United States December, 1834. "I was mobbed in Concord, N. H. [Sept. 1835] in company with George Thompson, afterwards member of the British Parliament, and narrowly escaped from great danger. I kept Thompson, whose life was hunted for, concealed in our lonely farmhouse for two weeks." From a privately printed broadside sent by Whittier to inquirers for facts about himself.

of his Lecture 60 new members joined the Boston Ladies A-S. Soc'y. I wish very much to get home, but am somewhat fearful that the fatigue of the ride would be rather too much for me. If it is fair weather, Fifth day, and I am as well as usual, I may ride out as far as Reading and stay all night and so come up in the morning to Hav'll. Love to Mother and all.

J. G. Whittier.

From CALEB CUSHING

Washington, Dec. 24, 1835.

DEAR SIR:

You will have noticed, undoubtedly, the proceedings in Congress on the subject of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia; but, without some explanation, you may be puzzled to understand the *principle* of the various votes; for the debates themselves furnish a very imperfect means of judgment in this case.

Of the Massachusetts Delegation, Messrs. [Abbott] Lawrence, [Levi] Lincoln, [Stephen C.] Phillips and [John] Reed, with myself, each on one occasion, voted for laying on the table, for reasons applicable to the particular occasions themselves, and wholly independent of the merits of the question. In *general*, the Whigs and Antimasons from the Northern and Middle States voted, in various shapes, for receiving and committing the Petitions. This includes the Massachusetts Delegation. In *general* the pledged *Van Buren* men voted for any and every proposition, which tended to evade the question or to suppress debate. With them, also, voted some individuals, who conscientiously thought, aside from party-politics, that such was the most judicious course.

The more zealous of the Southerners, such as the S. Carolinians, and some of the Georgians and Virginians, voted with the Northern Whigs and Antimasons. Extremes meet. The Southerners voted against laying

on the table, insisting on a summary rejection of the Petitions without inquiry; and this caused them to caucus in *vote* with the Massachusetts Delegation, but for *opposite reasons*. *We* thought that good sense and justice dictated a disposition of the matter, though a Committee is the ordinary course of legislation. It is perfectly certain that the House will *do nothing* on the subject. About two thirds of the Members have by their votes and declarations, pledged themselves to dispose of all Petitions, so far as they may be able to get the floor, by the *undebateable* motion to lay on the table.

Members from Pennsylvania and the States east of it, have sundry Petitions already in their possession to present. I have heard that others are coming from Massachusetts. If they are *respectful* and *proper* in language, we shall of course present them, for the sake of our constituents. At the same time, if you could see for yourself its unpleasant effects in reference to our views of *general* usefulness here, you would understand why it is that we shall discharge this part of our duty to our constituents *with a heavy heart*.

Some of the Southerners have agreed that the slave trade in this District is protected unchangeably by the Constitution; they have proved the *reverse* to every reflecting mind. At the same time, while the debates and proceedings of the week have not shown the constitutional difficulties for which some have contended, they have shown the *moral impossibility* of accomplishing any thing in the present House.

I knew that I could not write to you on any subject of more interest to yourself; and I thought you might, perhaps, expect of me some information as to

the course things are taking on this subject. You are aware how sensitive our people are in reference to this whole matter; and I therefore speak to yourself only, knowing that I may do so in confidence and without reserve.

Very truly and respectfully,

C. CUSHING

MR. WHITTIER

P. S. I beg of you, if any Petitions are to be sent to me, that they may be brief *business papers*, free of the bitter language good Mr. G[arrison] cultivates in the *Liberator*.

From STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS[1] (Confidential)[2]

Washington, 31 *Decr.* 1835.

My Dear Sir:

I wish to submit to you a few remarks upon the subject in which you feel so deep an interest, and of the importance of which I am equally convinced, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

You have noticed of course the discussions which have thus far taken place here. They exhibit great sensitiveness, desperate rashness, and a spirit of dictation on the part of the South, and far too much subserviency on the part of the North. They show however

[1] Stephen Clarendon Phillips was born in Salem, 1801, was graduated at Harvard, 1819, studied law but entered mercantile life in Salem. From 1824 to 1833 he served either as Senator or Representative in the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1834 he was elected to Congress as a Whig, succeeding Rufus Choate, and continued until 1838 when he resigned and, in December of the same year, he became Mayor of Salem, remaining in office until March, 1842. In 1848 and again in 1849 he was the candidate of the newly organized Free Soil party for Governor of Massachusetts. He was engaged in extensive lumbering interests in Canada where he lost his life in the burning of a steamer on the St. Lawrence, June 26, 1857.

In the *Salem Register*, July 2, 1857, appeared the following: — "A fellow-member of Congress, Hardin of Kentucky, once exclaimed on the floor of the House, 'If all the members of the House were like the gentleman from Massachusetts, God would never have repented that he made man.'"

[2] The use of the word "confidential," which long since lost any significance it might have had here, shows what were the relations between the young Whittier and men holding high office.

that the principal part which Northern men have been prevailed on to play in the miserable game (of which the *Presidency* is the prize) is to be ready to vote, as soon as called upon, to lay the subject on the table. This is an act of great weakness, but there is too much Northern blood in them to superadd outright treachery to the principles and institutions of the free States. They can degrade themselves to practise submission for a while; they can volunteer equivocal proof of their degeneracy; but still they have given some evidence that if forced to decide whether they will openly sacrifice their principles and absolutely surrender their rights, most of them will decide correctly, however reluctantly.

Could the question have been reached upon the motion to *reject petitions*, the great mass of Northern votes would have proved a formidable negative. Now the difference between rejecting petitions and laying them upon the table without debate in order to get rid of them, although so long as it is misunderstood, it may satisfy their political consciences, must so soon come to be regarded by others, and finally to be admitted by themselves as no difference at all, that there must before long be a time when either motion will share the same fate, and when neither can be sustained. From the necessary action of public opinion, constantly aided by the violence of the attempt to resist it, the course of Congress upon this subject must be onward — slowly it may be, — but surely onward.

Now what I wish to suggest to you is, that the next step after the failure of the motion to lay petitions upon the table without debate, (which will fail at first

from the temporary co-operation of those who are willing for debate from opposite motives) will be to attempt to reject them by means of a debate, in which the merits of the petitions will be closely scrutinized, and whatever there is in them of inconclusive reasoning, extravagant statement and harsh allusion, will be denounced as sophistry, fanaticism, and disrespect.

Thus far scarcely any of the petitions have been read, and none of them printed, and but few have taken the trouble to ascertain their contents, so that if they have fallen short of what they should have been, it has not been of much consequence; but I confess I am very desirous that, as soon as we can prevail upon the House to hear, to print and to discuss them, we should have such petitions as will do justice to the object in view, breathing a spirit of pure benevolence, and exhibiting the strongest facts and clearest arguments in a form of language manifestly unexceptionable.

I wish there were just such petitions here now, and that all which are to come during the present Session might be of this character; since they might be used with great effect, even under all the disadvantages of the position we occupy. Many of the petitions are not prepared, as it seems to me, with due discretion, for they are not adapted to the existing circumstances of Congress. They contain no argument, and furnish no evidence that the question has been well examined. They show no acquaintance with facts in relation to slavery in the District, and they are not sufficiently limited to this object. Above all their style and language are in several respects injudicious, and are too much calculated to inflame the feelings before the judgment is appealed to.

I beg you to understand me. I want the *whole case* to be fully stated, with the strictest accuracy in regard to facts, and without resorting to a single argument which is not unanswerable. It is perfectly in your power to place these petitions upon the strongest grounds of fact and reasoning, and I therefore would advise you not to attempt to occupy any but the strongest grounds. In respect to the temper and style, it is perfectly compatible with firmness and decision to be scrupulously respectful, courteous, and withal conciliatory, and the marked predominance of these qualities will contribute much to recommend the petitions to a candid notice, and at least will deprive opponents of the principal food for their malice.

I content myself with making these suggestions to you, and trust that your influence will be such, in the preparation of future petitions, that some at least shall find their way here of the most desirable character.

I have read Dr. Channing's book with deep interest, and the greater part of the reply to it with entire dissatisfaction. Your remarks upon Dr. C.'s book, which I read in the Essex Register,[1] were extremely interesting and gratifying to me.

Please consider this letter as designed for yourself only, and believe me to be, with great regard,

Your friend,

S. C. Phillips

J. G. Whittier, Esqr.

[1] ". . . Dr. Channing objects to the system of 'agitation' pursued by the Abolitionists. He does not like the idea of holding societies together by passionate eloquence. . . . Why deprecate agitation, lawful, peaceful, Christian agitation? Under God has it not broken the fatal sleep and disturbed the callous indifference of our whole com-

munity? Does Dr. Channing need to be told that four years ago a silence on this subject deep as death, rested over the whole land? . . . A friend of mine who visited Washington during the past summer told me that he entered the counting room of one of the slave factories, and that while he conversed with the clerks of the establishment, he heard constantly from the jail-like receptacle of human property the clank and rattle of chains."

Communication to *Salem Register*, Dec. 17, 1835, signed, "J. G. W., Haverhill."

To HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

Harrisburg, 3rd of the 2nd Mo. 1837.

My dear Sister:

I wrote thee a long (or short) letter some time ago, in hopes of getting an immediate answer — but as none has appeared I now write a line from the capitol of Pennsylvania, one hundred and ten miles into the heart of the Commonwealth.

I left Phila[a] on Seventh day in a double sleigh with Dr. Dilwyn Parish, Chas. Evans and Edw[d] M. Davis, son in law of Lucretia Mott. That day we got to Coatesville, 48 miles, and at about 8 o'clk in the evening put up at our friend's, Lindley Coates. He lives in a beautiful farming country, in a large rambling, odd looking stone house with piazzas running round it; his barns, out buildings, etc. are very numerous and, being all built of stone, give his place the appearance of a village or baronial castle. The old man received us cordially. We found C. C. Burleigh there.

The next morning we started again, passed through the large ill-looking town of Lancaster, the fine village of Mount Joy, the beautiful Friends meeting house of Colne and stopped all night at Middletown, about 12 miles from Harrisburg. In the morning, after a fine ride of about 2 hours along the banks of the Susquehanna and by the beautiful quarries of marble of all hues and descriptions, amidst a population of broad faced Germans, we caught the first view of the fine bridge spanning the noble river. Soon Harrisburg lay

before — a huge collection of dingy houses of all sizes and patterns, thrown confusedly together — with the Capitol or State House looming in the grey mist of the morning. We rode to Wilson's, who married the nearest descendant now living of William Penn.

Notice was given that there would be a preliminary meeting of the delegates in the afternoon. On going out I encountered an army of delegates from Lancaster County, led on by Lindley Coates and Thos. Whitson — all Quakers and as plain and ugly as so many Isaiah Pages, but unlike him in principles, talents and high respectability. The next day the Convention to the number of 200 assembled. Dr. J. Julius Le Moyne[1] — a tall, large man about 40 years of age — with a face like Daniel Webster, a man of commanding influence and talents and a most powerful and eloquent speaker, was appointed President of the Convention. Orange Scott and A. A. Phelps[2] and Lewis Tappan were present on this occasion.

The Convention adjourns to-day, after a session of four days; a large number of the Senate and House of Representatives attended the meetings. I spent an evening with Gov^r Ritner who is a warm hearted abolitionist. He is about 60 years of age, large and full faced. He came to the door when we knocked, him-

[1] This was not Dr. John Julius Le Moyne (1760–1849), but his son, Dr. Francis Julius Le Moyne (1798–1879) of Washington, Penn., where in 1876 he built the first crematory in the United States, not however with the entire approval of his neighbors. Crumrine, *Hist. of Washington Co. Penn.*, 544.

[2] Rev. A. A. Phelps (1804–1847). At this time he was pastor of the church, corner of Washington and Pine Streets, Boston, and Secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. During 1847 his name appeared with Whittier's as an associate editor of the *National Era*.

self, shook us heartily by the hand; and in German accents told us he "wast glad to see us." He is very intelligent, is perfectly at home on most subjects — especially as regards matters pertaining to abolition. His son was a delegate to the Convention.

Philadelphia, 5th 2d mo. 37.
at A. W. Thayer's.

We got back last night about 4 o'clk from Harrisburg. We started in the Rail Road cars at 4 o'clk in the morning. We stopped at Lancaster to take breakfast. On sitting down at the table there was found to be a colored man, Rev. Chas. Gardner, a Presbyterian minister, in the company. Suddenly some one said, "There's a nigger at the table." The bar keeper laid hold of the man and pulled his chair from under him. Dr. Lemoyne rose and demanded that a vote should be taken whether the colored man should sit at the table. The bar keeper agreed to it. The question was put and carried in the affirmative, as there were 50 abolitionists present. Upon this the landlord entered. Ten young men from slave-holding States happened to be present. One of them, dressed hideously in a buffalo skin, drew out his pistols and brandished his dirk. The landlord dragged the colored man from the table. Dr. Le Moyne rose from the table and we all followed, paid the scoundrel for a breakfast which we had not eaten, and bought our breakfast in the streets and groceries. To-night I believe Burleigh and Scott and Dr. Lemoyne will lecture, but I shall not probably attend.

I shall spend a few days in Philad[a]. and then start for home, as I cannot find the employment which I wish for in Philad[a]., and have had an urgent request to

go to Maine and take charge of an anti-slavery paper in Portland.

All the folks here send their love. I am as ever with love to Mother and Aunt Mercy and Uncle and Aunt Jones and Ann and Jacob and Mary and all.

J. G. WHITTIER

To HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

New York, 18th 7th mo. [1837]

DEAR SISTER:

Well, have our friends the Grimkés[1] been with you yet, and if so how did you like them? I am sure they are calculated to do a great deal of good.

There is nothing new in this city; it is a general time of health; there is little business stirring and the people are moving into the country.

My health is now pretty good. I have been invited to go up and spend a day or two in West Chester Co. by Jos. Pierce, father of Abigail Pierce, formerly teacher in Providence School, and also at Long Island. I think I shall go in a few days to one or the other of these places.

As I could not do anything immediately at Portland, perhaps it is best for me to be here. My board, expenses etc., are heavy, being at the rate of $6.50 per week, — my compensation is $80 per month. Will thee write me soon? I am *very* anxious to hear from you, not having heard a syllable from you since I left. I cannot account for the reason. How is sister Mary? I want to write her, but have been so much engaged that I have hardly found time.

There are some beautiful places in the outskirts of New York. The city itself is a dirty place, but our office is on the Park, — a beautiful green — surrounded with fine shade trees and enjoying a cool

[1] Appendix B, p. 265.

breeze. In the warm evenings thousands of people are walking in it. The weather thus far, has not been very hot, and I am inclined to think that it is no warmer here than in Amesbury, inasmuch as the sea-breeze counteracts the effects of a more Southern latitude. There are some parts of the city too dirty to visit. Boston is a perfect Shaker village for neatness, compared to New York.

I have written this letter almost entirely for the purpose of getting an answer to my other letters, and shall think very strange if one is not forth-coming. Love to Mother, Aunt Mercy and all.

J. G. Whittier.

Mother says I must write in this letter and tell thee to write to Greenleaf, but my pen is so bad that I shall do no such thing.

M. F. Whittier

Amesbury, July 29th

To HIS SISTER MARY CALDWELL

Office of Am. A-S. Soc.
[New York, 8th Mo. 1837.]

DEAR SISTER:

I send thee a line just to let thee know that I have not forgotten thee, and the rest of the folks. I have written two or three times to Elizabeth, but not a word in answer, has reached me. I expected, when I left home, to have gone direct to Maine — but the hard times coming on just as the paper was to have started, compelled them to abandon the idea until things looked more favorable. Under these circumstances and feeling it to be necessary to do something, I concluded to go to New York, although I dislike the place very much — especially in the summer season.

I am boarding in the family of a Spanish gentleman, F. De Loyo, a brother in law of Chas. Stuart.[1] The city is healthy as usual, at this season. Theodore D. Weld and James A. Thorne are here with me. We have a very comfortable time, considering all things. I do not labor very hard, and take what exercise I can. The last week has been one of the hottest I ever knew; it is almost as much as one's life is worth to venture into the sunshine as it falls blazing hot on the white pavements.

The cause of Abolition is going on well in all parts of the country. By the time Congress meets there will

[1] Charles Stuart (1783–1865), an officer in the English Army who came to the United States to enter anti-slavery work. He planned to establish here a manual training school for Negroes, for which he had already collected $1000 in England.

be petitions enough to break all the tables in the Capitol, ready for delivery. How do the Haverhill societies get along? I understand Ames has backed out.

I have visited some in Friends' families since I have been here. The Orthodox Friends have only one meeting, — the Hicksites three. They have little or no intercourse with each other.

Have you heard anything from Franklin? I saw him in Boston on his way to the West, but have not heard one syllable from him since. He talked of going to Michigan — whether he did or not I cannot say. I furnished him with letters to Isaac E. Crary, member of Cong. from Mich. and to Thomas Chandler, and others.

H. B. Stanton[1] is now in Mass. and will probably visit Haverhill before he returns. He will tell thee how we are getting along here. How does William do? I saw him a few moments in Boston. Tell Jacob[2] that [Marcus] Morton will come in Governor this year, if the abolitionists take the precaution to propose questions to him and [Edward] Everett touching the subject of Slavery. Have thee seen Miss Martineau's book? 'T is very interesting. I have received a long letter from Henry Clay[3] on the subject of Slavery, etc. He professes to be opposed to Slavery, but is not an abolitionist. I am anxious to hear from some of you. Mother's health when I left, was not good. Remember me kindly to Jacob and believe me thy affectionate Brother

JOHN G. WHITTIER

[1] Then a fellow worker in the New York office.

[2] Jacob Caldwell was proprietor of the *Essex Gazette* of Haverhill in 1836 when Whittier was its editor.

[3] Printed in Carpenter, *Whittier*, 156.

From HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

5th day evening [*Sept.* 1837.]

MY DEAR BROTHER GREENLEAF:

Franklin [1] has brought me his letter to finish. What a reporter of our speech makers! Franklin gets along just as when thee was here; is in good spirits however. Aunt Mercy is at home, and we are comfortable. How do thee do? When shall we see thy book? I suppose thee are to appear as author "*found two niggers heads between.*" We here have been remonstrating with the *Honorables* again, and I [torn] made another pilgrimage of our village with Bunyans rolls — and we sent the remonstrance of *Sally Chase* and 195 others! All the names were obtained by myself.

23. I can fancy how Joshua [2] managed with the runaways — (how queer! thee and Joshua, thy *first schoolmaster*, acting in concert in such *great matters.*) Are you not venturing somewhat in publishing names, places and so on? I hope thee have a good boarding place and are comfortable. I have not seen Mary since thee left. I liked the report well.

Mrs. Chapman talks a little like one not in the

[1] Matthew Franklin Whittier. Whittier himself was known in the family as "Greenleaf," and by the Quakers as "John G. Whittier"; the first name only was seldom used in addressing him.

[2] Joshua Coffin, "My Old Schoolmaster," *Poems*, 190. His life is in *Memorial Biographies*, New England Historic Genealogical Society, vi, 1 (1905).

body. What did you make an agent of J. T. Woodbury for? A[bby] Kelly [1] says she "don't like you at New York. You shall have none of her money and none from Lynn." Robert Scott sends his love and thanks to thee for thy trouble in finding the Morrisons. He will go in the Factory now. When will thee write again and when will thee come home? I have put thy "Stanzas to Henry Clay" in my scrapbook. I *must* think he is honest. Won't thee write to him. How is Weld?

Aunt Mercy says they almost made a James Nayler [2] of H. C. Wright in Lynn; they concluded his views *must* be maintained in preference to Abolitionism, and will thee believe it, Uncle Isaiah was foremost in the belief. Only think of Uncle Isaiah getting so excited as to go from house to house, to hear H. C. W. talk! So thee see the danger of fanaticism.[3] Shall we not hear from thee soon again? With love for thee from Mother and Aunt Mercy and much from myself — farewell. E.

[1] Appendix C, p. 268.

[2] Nayler (1616–1660) was a soldier in Cromwell's army, and then an adherent of George Fox. Through his eloquence he attracted great crowds, and he was regarded as a new incarnation of the divine. Though his mind became impaired, he was imprisoned, scourged and branded. At last his mind cleared and his old friends came to his aid. His life is the subject of an essay by Whittier, *Prose Works*, ii, 69.

[3] Appendix D, p. 270.

From HIS BROTHER FRANKLIN

Amesbury, Feb. 8th, 1838.

DEAR BROTHER:

At the request of Elisabeth, who says it gives the "headache" to write, I write to inform thee that we are all as well as when thee left. Aunt Mercy returned from Lynn about three weeks since. Mother has been as well as usual this winter. I was at Jacob's about a week since, all well. Uncle Jones' family the same.

Elisabeth has been on the "qui vive" for some days past, expecting Harriet Minot[1] to whom she has written, requesting her to come down and stay a week or two. Doct. Harris is in a state of "betweenity." His "peace" principles as laid down by Henry Wright, and also the "anti-observe-the-Sabbath" views have almost swallowed up his abolitionism, although he made quite a "pretty" speech the other night. As near as I can recollect, it was thus: —

"My friends, I have been thinking while we have been here, that it's an awful thing for the dealers in human flesh to separate families, carrying the husband one way, the wife another, a-a-an-d the children still another. And I could but reflect on what my feelings must be, should I go home to-night and find my little ga-a-al" (here his feelings overpowered him and after

[1] Harriet Minot, daughter of Stephen Minot of Haverhill; a companion of Elizabeth Whittier's in the anti-slavery riot at Haverhill, August, 1835. Pickard, *Whittier,* 148.

taking time to recover and wiping his eyes very appropriately with his coat sleeve, he proceeded) "should find my little ga-a-l car-carried off—Oh!—O—O how I sho-o-o-ould feel—." So that thee will perceive that though the "ginowine feenatical" feelings may be in a measure lost, he still contains the "root of the matter."

Dea. Carruthers is well and busy. Auld Rorbit Scott was at Mother's the other evening; he says as he shall shortly go to work in the factory it is of no consequence about the yarn or Morrison.

The "Reservoir" was suspended a few weeks to make room for the "Daily Monitor," but was recommenced this morning.

Why don't thee send some papers? Mark M. F. W. on them and direct to the "News and Courier," and they will come free of postage.

My writing school was rather a failure though I keep it going. Just as I commenced, the factories commenced working in the evening until 8, whereby I lost about one half of my scholars and I now [have] only about 14.

I know of nothing else to write about and will leave off.

In haste, thine truly

M. F. Whittier.

To HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

Philadelphia, 24th 11th Mo. 38.

DEAR SISTER ELIZABETH:

I send thee with this, a copy of my poetry,[1] and one for sister Mary. I wish I had something better to send. I forward also a vest and cap which may be of some service to brother F. I am very anxious to know how he succeeded in the Portland matter.

I reached here two weeks ago tonight, pretty well tired out, and was quite unwell for some days, but am better now.

Wendell's folks were greatly disappointed because thee did not come on with me. Never mind, thee will be here this next spring, if nothing happens. If thee see Harriet, mind tell her I *meant* to keep my word and call again, but was not able to.

Ann Wendell is not quite so well as usual. Isaac's [Wendell] establishment was destroyed by fire while I was at Amesbury. The loss is mostly covered by insurance. Still it is bad for his business.

We live very comfortable here. Joseph and Rachel Healey are very good folks and we get along well. I have a fine room in the 3d story, with a small cast iron

[1] *Poems* by John G. Whittier, Philadelphia, 1838; 180 pp. During the summer of 1838 Whittier had been collecting and preparing the material for this volume which was published by Healey, with whom he was living. This was the first collection to have Whittier's supervision; that printed by Knapp of Boston the previous year, it is said, was issued without his knowledge.

stove in it, in which I have a fire occasionally. I burn wood instead of coal, as the latter affects my throat unpleasantly. The weather has been very fine for this past week, warm and comfortable, until today when we have had a few flakes of snow.

In regards to the cause of abolition everything here goes on as usual; only I think more *actively*. Our meetings are frequent and well attended and new converts are multiplying.

I am desirous of getting a letter from "the Master," just to learn how he manages the affairs of the village in conjunction with Butler, Lunt and Deacon Moody and others.

Remember me kindly to all the friends and write soon.

J. G. W.

To HIS FAMILY

Philadelphia, 10th, 6th Mo. 1839

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER AND ALL:

I write a line for fear my letter by C. T. Torrey[1] did not reach you, which I forwarded from the New York meeting. I have been quite ill since, but am a good deal better now, whether permanently or not, I cannot tell.

I have decided to leave the *Freeman* for a time. I would go to Europe, if I could do so without taking upon myself duties and responsibilities which would prevent my deriving benefit on the score of health. As it is, I shall, I think, visit Gerrit Smith, and spend some time in travelling in Western New York, and I am in hopes by so doing to recover my usual state of health.

On Sixth day next I expect to go to Bordentown and Crosswicks in N. J. on a visit to my friend Sam! Allinson[2] for whom I was one of the *four* groomsmen on Fifth day last at Arch Street Meeting. I shall be absent only a few days. My health is not so good,

[1] Rev. Charles T. Torrey (1813–1846), a minister in Salem in 1838, entered the anti-slavery work, and in 1844 was convicted at Baltimore of aiding slaves to escape, for which he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. He died in prison in 1846. "The Funeral of Torrey," *Prose Works*, ii, 271.

[2] Samuel Allinson and his brother William, both Quakers, were associates of Whittier in his anti-slavery work. Samuel lived on his farm near Crosswicks, N. J., and continued his philanthropic work, especially in his later years, when he was active in establishing the Reform School for boys and girls near Hightstown, N. J.

all things considered, as when I left home last. I have not so much pain in the side, but more in the back and chest, and I have scarcely any strength to boast of.

But all is right, and I feel no disposition to murmur at the dispensations of Providence. I have already many blessings to be thankful for.

I am glad to hear from Elizabeth, that she is going to Weare. I should like to go there myself.

Margaret and Ann Wendell start on Sixth day for Newport and so do Jos. and Rachel Healey. Ann Wendell is apparently somewhat better. Thayer's folks are well as usual.

Love to Aunt Mercy and to Sister Mary and Jacob, Uncle Jones and family, and most especially to Master Griffin. Tell him that I feel compunctions of conscience, because I have not written him.

Affectionately as ever,

John G. Whittier.

To HIS MOTHER

[*Philadelphia, July*, 1839.]

My Dear Mother:

I send thee with this a miniature of myself, taken by an artist of this City. It is a rough painting, but is called a good likeness. My health is about as good as it has been, but by no means good. I shall start to-morrow for the West. I shall probably go on as far as Cincinnati (free of expense), and be back in about 3 weeks. Moses A. Cartland[1] will take care of the *Freeman* during my absence, and perhaps longer. The summer here thus far has been comfortable compared with last year.

Love to all. I shall write soon.

J. G. W.

[1] Moses A. Cartland was Whittier's cousin, "afterwards widely known as a successful teacher." Whittier, *Poems*, 202.

To HIS SISTER MARY CALDWELL

Philadelphia, 7th Mo. 17, 39.

DEAR SISTER:

I write thee a line to let thee know that I am not *entirely* forgetful of thee, and Jacob and the rest of the folks, but that I am very anxious to hear how you all do. My health has been very miserable — what the result will be I cannot tell — but I have been compelled to give up, in some measure, my paper and to try to recruit a little.[1]

I have been up in the centre of the State — to Bedford Mineral Springs — over the mountains — the "great Alleghanies." It was very tedious travelling, and fatigued me very much. We passed over one ridge of the Alleghanies on Sixth day evening last, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clk at night. The driver drove his horses upon the gallop down the mountain, along the very edge of a precipice several hundred feet deep, opening into the rocky valley between two mountain summits. It was a frightful way of travelling. I am now at home, and am at a loss to know whether the trip has benefited me or not.

I shall next week probably go into the interior, and shall be at the great Albany Convention,[2] if my health permits. I wish Elizabeth would come on to New

[1] Appendix E, p. 272.

[2] At the Albany Convention Whittier was a member of the business committee, on which Garrison had refused to serve. This committee submitted a proposition, which, having been adopted, led ultimately to the formation of a new political party. *Vide Garrison*, ii, 309.

York in company with some one who will attend the Convention and go up with me to Albany and Saratoga Springs. Could she not do it? Could she not start so as to go with some body from Boston? I will write to Amos A. Phelps and ask him to let Elizabeth know when he is going to start for the Convention. This can do no harm, and she can then do as she pleases about it. I will meet her in New York, or get Theodore D. Weld to do so, and take her up to his beautiful homestead on the Hudson, 10 miles from the city.

Remember me kindly to Jacob. Tell him that he cannot do better than to take a trip out into Pennsylvania with thee, just to look at our Pennsylvania farms and farmers. Moses A. Cartland is on here for the present, and is terribly *homesick* already, but I hope he will soon feel better about it.

I am now staying with Cousin Wendell's folks while Joseph Healey's wife is at home, at her father's in New England. I am anxious to hear from you but perhaps it will not be best to direct a letter to me at Philad[a], for I am not certain that I shall be here for any length of time.

Love to All.

Jno. Greenleaf Whittier.

From ELIZUR WRIGHT, JR.

Steamer Charter Oak
Monday Evening, April 6, 40.

DEAR FRIEND:

Our *Abolitionist* of this week will tell you more than I can now amidst this terrible *drumming*, about the Albany Convention. Birney and Earle are nominated; the latter for V. P., after reading from him a thoroughly democratic letter. Birney we know will stand. We hoped Earle might, or might be made to. He may be assured that all who go for the rights of the colored man, will go as he does for the rights of the *uncolored.*

Now that the nomination is made, it is very important there should be no backing out, and I would suggest that if you so think, you should drop a letter to Earle full of the right counsel on this point. You probably stand higher in his regard than any other man. Harrison you will have seen has endorsed his Vincennes Speech, and is pronounced by the *Charleston Courier!* as on a par with Van Buren as a supporter of the patriarchs. This takes away the whole argument for choosing the least of two evils.

I hope to see you very soon. Thanks for your kind and wise letter[1] of the 25th ult. It indicated the true policy, in case we could not have found a *good man* to stand for the first office. But, on the whole, we could not have had a better man than Birney. He is *equal*

[1] In Appendix F, p. 274.

to the other candidates, to say the least, in all qualifications — in heart, infinitely superior to either. Our friends in New York *all* seem quite reconciled. We shall have a *small vote* no doubt, but not a despicable nor a *despised* one. Let them come on with their *black-ball* — we are ready for it all — the mud will roll off and leave its object the brighter. Abolitionists who have not abjured their suffrage, will now feel the comfort of a candidate who truly, in his own flesh and blood, and heart of hearts, represents their principles. I shall be at home after Wednesday night, and hope to see you before the week passes away.

Yours for the House,

E. Wright, Jr.

To HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

Philadelphia, 4th 5th mo. 1840.

DEAR SISTER:

I am now writing at friend Wendell's. I arrived at New York safely, stopped at Isaac Pierce's until 3rd day of the week, then came on to Philad^{a}[1] — had a very fatiguing ride — and have been somewhat unwell, but am now about as usual.

Cousin Isaac is quite unwell, has been very much so, but is better. Mary J. is also unwell — but can teaze as well as ever. Ann is still improving in health. I have seen the Lloyds, Nicholsons, etc. They all speak a great deal of thee. Henry Peterson called on me the next day after my arrival — enquired about thee.

James Mott and L[ucretia], Sarah Pugh, Mary Grew,[2] Elizabeth J. Neall, Abby Kimber, and *perhaps* C. C. Burleigh go on the 7th.[3]

Only think of it. H. B. Stanton[4] it is rumored,

[1] To attend the meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

[2] "She did the work she found to do, —
A Christian hero, Mary Grew."
"How Mary Grew," *Poems*, 207.

[3] Delegates from the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention at London, where all refrained from taking part because on their arrival the women were denied recognition as delegates. Joseph Sturge had intimated that such might be the result, if women were appointed. Hallowell, *Mott*, 146, and *Garrison*, ii, 353.

[4] Stanton married Elizabeth Cady, May 1, 1840, and sailed May 12th for London as a delegate from the American Anti-Slavery Society of New York.

will get married and go out with his woman to Europe!

I have been sorely tempted to go to England — but I have not dared to act against my better judgment. My health I do not think will be equal to such a task — and so I have notified the Committee to find a substitute for me. C. C. B. will perhaps go. I shall be out of the City in Bucks in a few days. Have seen R. [or P.] Sanborn, Mary Needles, and all send their best love to thee.

I saw D. Breed in N. Y. — is well and enquired particularly about thee.

Stanton wants the poetry thee promised him. I dined yesterday with Ruth Barrett — W^m's mother. She is distressed at the idea of his leaving the Society — it is a hard [blow] for her.

Ann, Margaret, and Mary and all here wish me to give their best love. Marg^t is sick, or would write.

Excuse this hasty scrawl; I have penned it in great haste.

Love to Mother and Aunt Mercy and to all.

John G. Whittier.

From JOSEPH STURGE[1]

DEAR FRIEND:

Though we are personally unknown to each other I am about to open my mind to thee as to a very old and intimate friend. I am seriously intending to pay a private visit to America for a few weeks or perhaps months, principally with the following objects; to promote an entire unity of action and cooperation between the *British* and *Foreign* Anti Slavery Society and the *American* and *Foreign* Anti Slavery Society, including *all* that will act upon our principles and not mix up other truths with it; to ascertain the feeling and judgment of our *sound* American Friends as to the propriety of holding any future Convention, and if they are in favor of it, when and where it should be held; to see *privately* if there are any means of removing the objections which have hitherto prevented our American Friends from taking part in the movements of Anti Slavery Societies, provided they are both in theory and *practise* kept entirely distinct from all other matters, apart and distinct from the Anti Slavery object I mean; also to take the opportunity of ascertaining, as I go along, what elements there are in America for

[1] Joseph Sturge (1793–1859), a successful merchant of Birmingham, England, a Quaker and a philanthropist, founded the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. On his return to England from his journey he published *A Visit to the United States in 1841*, in which Whittier's name frequently occurs, though through ill health he could not be with Sturge the entire time.

holding at a future period a conference of nations for the formation of permanent and universal peace.

My intention is to avoid altogether appearing and especially speaking in public (for which latter I am quite unqualified, if there was no other objection), but to meet in private parties the persons who may most be depended upon for properly working our cause. The earliest time I look to leaving England is by the *British Queen* on the 10th of next month, and if I go at all, which is yet very uncertain, I may not go till near a month later.

Now thou wilt see that on such an expedition I shall want a companion, uniting with my views and with a pretty general knowledge of the individual character and standing, both of the abolitionists and the members of the Society of Friends in your land, and I write to ask thee to be kind enough to be that companion, of course allowing me to pay every kind of expense etc., to which such a journey might subject thee.

At all events allow me to press upon thee that in the event of my writing thee by the next Boston Steam Packet to say I am arriving by the *British Queen*, thou wilt be kind enough to be in New York to meet me to give me thy advice and council, and if our friends there should unite in opinion that it will be [well] for thee to accompany me, thou wilt feel it a duty from which thou canst not feel excused. I am aware that thy health may appear to thee to be a sufficient objection, and if it is, this is a point upon which I cannot of course say a word to urge thee beyond thy strength, but I am not without hopes that the journey might be of service to thee in this respect.

I am rather anxious my journey, and especially the precious objects of it, should not be known at present. But I find it is already known here, more than I could wish, and there is a Friend of the name of Morris from Philadelphia who goes by the *President*, who will probably mention the fact of my intention to go to America. But if I write any other letter by this Packet it will be only a few lines in strict confidence to one of our New York Friends and without telling him that I have made any communication to thee. Thou wilt please to clearly understand I mean to come without any credentials or the representative of any body, simply as a private individual; my reason for this I can more fully explain if we meet.

Very sincerely and respectfully,

JOSEPH STURGE[1]

Birmingham, 2/9, 1841.

[1] "Tender as a woman, manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.
Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished
By failure and by fall;
Still a large faith in human-kind he cherished,
And in God's love for all."
"In Remembrance of Joseph Sturge," *Poems*, 199.

From CALEB CUSHING

Washington, 11 *March*, 1841.

DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the 2nd and 24th February. You saw by the Atlas[1] that I declined being a candidate for the Senate. To this end, I was partly impelled by the reasons which I have stated to you; and partly by others. I did not wish to be the cause of any division among the Whigs in the Legislature. Above all, I did not desire anything from them, unless it were a spontaneous, united, free-will offering, for public considerations and objects. And such an act there was little cause to expect from a Legislature which had already thrown away the power of the State, and totally disregarded its interests and influence, out of personal favor to Mr. Bates,[2] and personal favor founded on it is hardly known what. Besides which, when Mr. Choate came to be talked of, he being of the time of life and possessing the qualifications to enable him (if he chooses

[1] The editor of the *Atlas*, Feb. 16, 1841, after quoting from an editorial in the *Boston Advertiser* to the effect that Cushing was needed in the House, said: — "We are authorized to say that Mr. Cushing does not wish to be considered as a candidate to supply the vacancy. His great talents, extensive learning and valuable services are fully appreciated by his political friends."

[2] Isaac Chapman Bates of Northampton had been elected U. S. Senator Jan. 13, 1841, to succeed John Davis of Worcester, who had resigned as Senator on being elected Governor of Massachusetts. Webster's resignation took effect Feb. 22, and Rufus Choate was elected to succeed him Feb. 24, 1841.

to exert himself) to do credit and good service to the State, I was the more content to leave the question unembarrassed by any interests of my own.

I have also positively declined any employment abroad, in order to work out faithfully my term of service in the 27th Congress, in which there is much to be done, and I think I may be of use to the country, without impairing in any degree my pretensions to office, if I should then desire to obtain it. These determinations place me in a position of independence here, which has many advantages.

And now, for the other topics of your letters, a few words: I do not believe there will be any general proscription. I do not believe that removals will be made without due consideration of the circumstances of each case. In regard to the Post Offices, I shall have to act in deference, for the most part, to the judgment of each community. I have as yet heard nothing from Amesbury and shall not do anything of my own motion. There is much conflict of interests at Haverhill, and I cannot yet decide what to do; but if it is impracticable to place Mr. T[hayer] there, I undertake to do my utmost to provide for him in some way.

I am, very faithfully, yours,

C. Cushing

From HIS BROTHER FRANKLIN

Portland, June 30, 1841.

My Dear Brother:

. . . The great temperance convention commenced its session here to day and will probably continue several days. I see among the arrivals last night and this morning Hawkins "the reformed drunkard," Rev. Mr. Colver and several others from Boston and New York.

I wrote to sister Mary some time since, respecting the discussion on slavery which came off here a few weeks ago.

Since then John Neal [1] has published a long statement of the affair, occupying half the collums of the Daily Advertiser for nearly a week. He was pleased to term it a fair and impartial digest of the whole matter, but in all his long array of words, *when there was any fault at all*, notwithstanding one or two *pretended* thrusts at the Georgian, his sympathies (i.e. if that is a propper term in speaking of John Neal) were "like the handle of a jug, all on one side." But his labors will do no harm, inasmuch as not one in ten can come to any conclusion in this, and most of his other productions, as to what he "would be driving at."

Nat Dearing ("Old Nat," as he is called here) once said in reply to an article of Neal's, published in the New World, entitled "Portland Writers":—"Some of our best writers in saying many good things do oc-

[1] Appendix G, p. 276.

casionally *by accident* say foolish things. But with Mr. Neal this is reversed. He never talks or writes common sense save by accident." And in the same connection, speaking of what John terms his "throwing off" style, he says John Neal is "afflicted with a *literary diarrhœa*." In the production alluded to, his wandering, pointless style is very conspicuous. . . .

Again good bye.

M. F. Whittier.

From CALEB CUSHING

Washington, 17 *July*, 1841.

DEAR SIR:

I duly received yours of the 26th June in behalf of Mr. Sewall.[1] I have also had correspondence with Mr. S. himself and with Mr. Fletcher[2] on the subject. There is not a better man, or a better lawyer, than Mr. S. in Massachusetts. But the appointment has been long since destined to Mr. Peleg Sprague.[3] I do not know how far Mr. Sewall's anti-slavery opinions would have stood in his way with the President. They could not have prevented my testifying to

[1] Sewall, Whittier's friend, was a candidate for U. S. Judge for the District of Massachusetts.

> "Like that ancestral judge who bore his name,
> Faithful to Freedom and to Truth, he gave,
> When all the air was hot with wrath and blame,
> His youth and manhood to the fettered slave."
>
> "Samuel E. Sewall," *Poems*, 516.

[2] Richard Fletcher (1788–1869), Dartmouth, 1806; studied law with Webster; member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1837–1839; Justice of the Mass. Supreme Court, 1848–1853. He bequeathed $100,000 to Dartmouth College.

[3] Peleg Sprague served as Judge of the District of Massachusetts, 1841 to 1865. He was the orator in Faneuil Hall to whom Whittier referred in his open letter to Governor Everett in the *Liberator*, February 20, 1836: "I know that he [Washington] was a slave holder, and I have not forgotten the emotions which swelled my bosom when in the Metropolis of New England, the Cradle of Liberty, a degenerate son of the Pilgrims pointed to his portrait, which adorned the wall, with the thrice repeated exclamation, 'That slave holder' . . . Did not the speaker know that the dying testimony of Washington was against slavery?"

his high character and attainments. But those opinions would have stopped him in the Senate, in which the singular fact now exists of Northern V. B.[1] men playing into the hands of Southern Adm. men, by ministering to their slavery tenor, as in regard to various nominees before them. I know not what may be the *ultimate* effect of the anti-slavery agitation on the interests of the North; its present effect is most disastrous to us in a multitude of ways. This much is too plain to be mistaken.

I wrote to Gov. Lincoln at your request in behalf of Mr. Worthen; but, I fear, without much prospect of success. Mr. Choate and I are cooperating to obtain for Mr. Thayer a $900 office, in which I think we shall succeed. If (as I hope) we can be together in Essex after the close of the Session, I shall rejoice to cooperate in our Merrimac enterprise at that time. For the year past, I have no time for other thoughts than my public duties; but I anticipate a breathing space the coming autumn.

I regretted the necessity of acceding to the removal of your friend Mr. Nayson. But the representations on the subject were too strong to be resisted. Add to which, I was not unwilling to have the opportunity of providing for an old friend of my youth, to whom fortune had not been kind, Mr. Walsh's[2] father having fitted me for college, and John himself having taken care of me as a college friend, during my first year at Cambridge.

I am very truly yours,

C. Cushing.

Mr. Whittier.

[1] Van Buren.

[2] John Walsh, Harvard College, 1814, died 1845. His father Michael was a teacher in the Marblehead Academy.

P. S. Party politics were never in a more uncertain state, and no man here knows for a surety, what his own position will be for three months ahead. In such circumstances, one must do what is right, disregardful of consequences. I do not see my way clearly to the end, but I have made up my mind to two things, whatever happens, and that is, in *weakness* to look to the interests of my constituents, and in *men* to stick to my private friends, in preference to precarious party considerations.

LIBERTY PARTY PETITION[1]

Amesbury, 10*th Aug.* 1841.

To the Chairman of the Liberty Party Committee

Dear Brother:

The undersigned, in common with many others in this section of the State, are desirous that a General Convention of the *voting*[2] abolitionists of Massachusetts should be held at as early a day as may be practicable, at Worcester or some other central location, for the purpose of calling out a deeper and stronger feeling than now seems to exist in favor of Liberty at the Ballot-box. They would respectfully suggest the expediency of calling such a Convention, on the part of your Committee, with the understanding that the nominations now made by that Committee, be held subject to the decision and disposal of the Convention. Let us rally as one man to that meeting, from every section of the good old Commonwealth, and let measures be taken to secure the attendance of such men as Wm. Goodell, Joshua Leavitt, Alvan Stewart, Beriah Green and Henry B. Stanton,[3] and

[1] Written by Whittier.

[2] As distinguished from those who refrained, because by voting they would recognize the Constitution.

[3] "For many years an influence in behalf of the slave radiated from the central counties of New York, which was felt beyond the borders of the State. It was largely due to four men, quite unlike in salient characteristics, though each was remarkable in his sphere. They were

may we not hope that in our own State, those who have not hitherto acted with us, — the Lorings, the Phillips, and Jacksons — will be ready to join us in lifting up the pure and democratic standard of Political Anti-Slavery.

Y^r^ friend.

acute reasoners, ready writers, and never quailed before work. Those who witnessed the majestic eloquence of Gerrit Smith, the quaint humor and pathetic appeals of Alvan Stewart, the luminous logic and merciless sarcasm of Beriah Green, and the instructive disquisitions and pointed periods of William Goodell, will regard this as a just tribute to their abilities and services."

Henry B. Stanton, *Random Recollections*, 65.

Joshua Leavitt was editor of the Boston *Emancipator*. He had been with Stanton an associate of Whittier's in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York in 1837.

From CALEB CUSHING

Washington, 4 Sept. 1841.

DEAR SIR:

I have your two letters and will reply at length tomorrow. I was unable to do anything for Mr. Thayer[1] in the Haverhill P. O., there being a strong remonstrance against him and the appointment having been decided by the P. M. G. upon the *documents*, in which I could but acquiesce. Meanwhile, I have a good hope of securing provision for him in an office, the disposal of which has been promised to me. But the infinite variety of such questions cannot be decided in a day, amidst the other all absorbing matters in agitation here. Today I have received a no. of the Northampton Courier, containing a *threat* from him. Can I procure him an office under a threat, judge you? He has so many times, in writing and in print professed to have buried the hatchet, that I have in good faith exerted myself in his behalf, and with every prospect of speedy success. What is it just and proper for me to do under the circumstances? As you have interested yourself in his behalf, pray advise me. It is his interest, not mine, which is at stake, for in the whirlwind which is coming, newspaper obloquy, founded on old personal grudges, will go for little among the other greater elements of confusion and discord. I suppose there must be some letter of his which I have not answered, but it is physically impossible for me to answer, until the close of the session, one fourth part of the letters I receive.

I am, very faithfully, yours,

C. CUSHING.

[1] Thayer in 1832, when editor of the Haverhill *Gazette*, had opposed Cushing.

From HIS BROTHER FRANKLIN

Portland, June 17th 1842.

DEAR BROTHER:

. . . My good friend, Docr. Illsly of the Portland Transcript, asked me some months ago, when I wrote, to request thee to do him the very great favor of sending him one or two articles for his paper. He would (I may as well tell thee) want to publish them in manner and form as follows — "Written for the Transcript by J. G. Whittier." The poor fellow is rather hard pushed just now, as a new rival paper under the patronage of D. C. Colesworthy, S. B. Beckett and John Neal, has been started for the express purpose of running the Transcript down. They have got Cutter as a contributor and, I believe, Ingraham. I told him thy time was, I supposed, pretty well taken up, — but if thee could spare the Doctor a small lift it would be rather a deed of charity. Anything would be gratefully received, prose or poetry. . . . Nathan has had one or two Anti-everything Meetings lately. At which the somewhat mystical tends of that respectable Society were duly set forth, illuminated by its Chief Priest, Henry C. Wright. They could get no house but the Casco St. Chapel, though they tried several others. Nathan was very busy running about to the various church committees, and on being refused, not only shook off the dust of his shoes as a testimony against them, but in his *usual bland* manner remonstrated with the obsti-

nate committees, and in a voice bearing a strong resemblance to the noise made by a heavy iron door turning very slowly on unoiled hinges, expressed as his firm conviction that the ministers were "*dumb dogs*, Satan's high priests &c. &c.," finishing with an earnest entreaty that they, in company with the aforesaid committee, would with all possible dispatch "go straightway to the D——l"! . . .

Affectionately Good bye

M. F. Whittier.

From JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Boston, Decr. 16, 1842.
No. 4, *Court St.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Some weeks ago I wrote to ask you for a poem to print in my new magazine.[1] I have had no answer from you, nor heard from you except through the Democratic Review and Mr. Allen of Worcester.

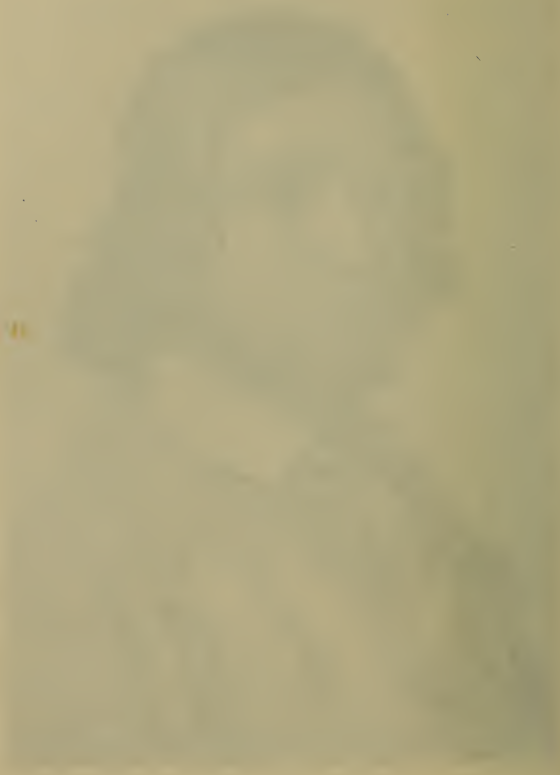
I hope you will be able to give me something. At any rate, send me word in some way that I may know in time for my second number. I like your poem "Raphael"[2] very much indeed, perhaps better in some ways than any poem of yours. I do not mean that it is better in its kind — but that its kind is

[1] *The Pioneer*, a monthly magazine, edited by J. R. Lowell and R. Carter. But three issues appeared, Jan., Feb., and March, 1843. Among the contributors were Hawthorne, Elizabeth Barrett (Browning), Poe, Jones Very and W. W. Story. Whittier contributed to the February number, "Lines Written in the Book of a Friend," *Poems*, 388: —

> "On page of thine I can not trace
> The cold and heartless commonplace" —

not "To a Friend on her Return from Europe," as stated in Pickard, *Whittier*, 289, where is given Lowell's letter of October, mentioned above, in which he outlined his plans for this venture, which was so short-lived.

[2] "Raphael," *Poems*, 389, had just appeared in the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* for December. "Follen," *Poems*, 175, was in the March number and "The Gallows," *Poems*, 352, in that for October. These three were the only poems by Whittier published in 1842.



pleasanter to me. But I like the others better after all, for the noble causes they have always espoused. Whatever you do, God be with you!

Your friend in truth,

J. R. Lowell.

P. S. I don't care if the poem be anti-slavery, it will be as welcome — though the main scope of my magazine at present is literary.

From HENRY B. STANTON [1]

Boston Feby. 3, 1844.

DEAR WHITTIER:

I am glad, upon the whole, that the contest in No. 5 is Ended. Sorry to hear the Essex Transcript (you ?) talk about giving from 1500 to 2000 votes in No 5 next fall. Why, you can and must give 2500, without fail. If we take hold of the work with the energy of the New Yorkers, we can and shall do this.

But, about our State Convention; we are relying on you to draft the resolutions. No failure, John! Let them be candid but strong. We must be impartial, too, as between the parties. To the masses, our resolves and newspaper articles, look rather Anti-Whiggish.

[1] F. H. Underwood, who seems to have obtained from Whittier himself many facts for his *Sketch of Whittier*, says that during the four or five years after the removal to Amesbury, Stanton was Whittier's most intimate friend and colaborer, and that they were "great lobby workers" at the State House. He quotes a phrase from a letter of Wendell Phillips that Whittier was "a great hand at it."

It was to Stanton that Whittier dedicated his poems, printed in 1838, "as a token of the author's personal friendship and of his respect for the unswerved devotion of exalted talents to the cause of humanity and freedom."

Stanton left this pleasing account of Whittier: "In the dozen years following 1835 I spent many months in his company, and travelled with him hundreds of miles in eight or ten states. Only those who know my shy friend well, are aware how talkative, genial, witty and humorous, sarcastic and entertaining he is in bright hours with two or three companions." Stanton, *Random Recollections*.

Make a tremendous noise in the next Transcript[1] about the State Convention. Call more special attention to it. Why, I do not believe half the readers of your paper could now tell the time when the convention is to meet, to save themselves. We are confidently expecting that [Alvan] Stewart or [Gerrit] Smith, or both, will be with us. Our day meetings will be held in the Tremont Temple and our evening meetings in Faneuil Hall, and the State House. We shall have choice singing, and a splendid tea-party. Then huzzah for the Convention ! We need a large meeting just now. We must strike out plans for moving the State to its very mud sills this year. We must have employed by our State Committee, one excellent, able agent, to plan, lecture, get up conventions, and set the Commonwealth on fire. And, to arrange all these matters, we must have a great Convention, and talk these things into the gizzards of our leading men. Then blow the trumpet long and loud in the next Transcript.

Remember me most kindly to your mother and sister and believe me

Yours ever and ever,

H. B. Stanton.

N. B. I have to lecture before the Beverly Lyceum the evening before the Convention, and before the Newburyport Lyceum the evening after.

[1] "Whittier persuaded the proprietor of the *Amesbury Village Transcript* to change its name to the *Essex Transcript*, and to make it the county organ of the Liberty party. For about two years he virtually edited the *Transcript*, writing most of the original matter it contained, although his name does not appear in it, and his service was entirely gratuitous." Pickard, *Whittier*, 303.

From HIS BROTHER FRANKLIN

Portland, Feb. 13th, 1844.

My Dear Brother:

. . . I send thee by same mail as this, the last number of "Martin Chuzzlewit." It is, I think, the best one which has yet appeared. "The Native American raw material" and the "American Eagle" are very happily treated. I always liked Dickens' works, but since he has had the boldness to attack our foolish vanity, maugre the stuffing and feasting they gave him, he has risen much in my estimation. When I have heard the boastful language of our sixpenny newspapers, and seen the absurd worship bestowed upon the memory of Washington, I have always felt that sensible foreigners must be disgusted with us. We are perhaps passable, and Washington may have done as well as another placed in his situation would, but that is the end of the matter. He was not a God and we are not angels.

Week before last C. C. Burleigh[1] lectured before the Portland Anti-Slavery Society twice, in the afternoon and evening. In the afternoon his audience was limited, being made up of Oliver Dennett, Peter Morrill, their wives, a slight sprinkling of Appletons,

[1] "Charles C. Burleigh was a vehement orator of rare logical gifts. He traversed the county, delivering Anti-slavery lectures. He dressed like a tramp. In the Anti-slavery office in New York we once tore a shabby coat off his shoulders, vowing that he should not represent the society in such a vile garb. John G. Whittier took a hand in this performance." Stanton, *Random Recollections*, 71.

Nathan, myself and some 6 or 8 unsoaped boys. And very dim and shadowy we looked scattered over the vast hall in the Exchange. Bolt-upright near the centre towered the huge form of Oliver; at his left sat Peter, his mottled face looking more mottled still in the variegated light from the dome, and their two good looking wives, in sad coloured hoods, pursing up their mouths in a manner beautiful to behold, — Nathan and I somewhat uneasy, but wearing our hats for a *testimony*. The boys filled the back ground, while through the half opened door "a nigger's" head peered awfully, big and large. It was an impressive tableaux.

And the speaker, I had never seen him before, and my first impressions were not very favorable. His hair was long and yellow and hung in festoons over his shoulders, his whiskers were red and tied under his chin, he wore no cravat, his throat was scragley, his coat and cap were in a shocking state, his eyes were wild, his shirt bosom and wristbands greasy, and altogether he looked like a cross between an Arkansas desperado and a decayed loafer of our Eastern cities.[1] But he

[1] Mrs. Claflin, *Reminiscences*, 45, says that Whittier, who was a friend of all the men named, used to take great delight in telling this story: —

"In the stormy days when every Abolitionist was a marked man, an important meeting was held in New York. Among the speakers on the platform sat Garrison, with his shining bald head, and C. C. Burleigh, whose ample locks fell down his shoulders in true poetic fashion, while above them all towered the massive head of Fred Douglas, the colored orator. As usual the proceedings were greatly disturbed by the rioters; but in a temporary lull which chanced to occur, a high-pitched voice was heard crying, 'Mr. Chairman, one word, Mr. Chairman. I have a proposition to make that will restore order.' 'What is your proposition,' quickly replied the chairman,

spoke well, and what he lacked in appearance was in some sort made up in his language. In the evening the attendance was larger. . . .

Affectionately thy Brother,

M. F. WHITTIER.

'Let us have it.' 'Let that nigger there shave Burleigh and make a wig for Garrison and all differences will be settled.'

"Strange to say, when the audience recovered from bursts of laughter, order was restored and the speakers proceeded without interruption."

From HENRY B. STANTON

Boston, July 20/44.

DEAR WHITTIER:

I have heard from Gerrit Smith. He deeply regrets that his business arrangements and obligations are such, that he cannot be with us, at Salem,[1] on the

[1] Whittier was deeply interested in the success of the Salem convention Aug. 1, 1844. It was for this occasion that he wrote Lowell, 14th 7th Mo. 1844, asking the fulfilment of the promise of a Liberty song. "Give me one which shall be to our cause what the song of Rouget de Lisle was to the French Republicans. Such an one as the maiden may whisper in the

'asphodel flower fleece
She walks ankle deep in,'

and the strong man sing at his forge and plough. Think of it, dear L., and oblige me, and do a great work for holy liberty, by complying with my request." Greenslet, *Lowell*, 64.

Of the meeting itself, all that the *Salem Gazette* of Aug. 2, 1844, said was: "The meeting in this city yesterday, purporting to be a commemoration of British West India Emancipation, was in reality an anti-Clay caucus. The unfavorable state of the weather in the morning occasioned the transfer of the repast from the open air and where it was intended to be held, to the old town hall."

Whittier's movements were a subject of comment in the other Salem paper, the *Register*, July 25, 1844:

"Middlesex Standard. — A new Liberty party paper under this title has just been started in Lowell. It is to be edited by John G. Whittier, the gentleman who wrote that eloquent, truthful and beautiful poetical eulogium of Henry Clay, concluding as follows: —

'All Hail! The hour is hastening on,
When vainly tried by Slander's flame,
Columbia shall behold her son

First. S. P. Chase of Cincinnati, has just left here for home. I tried to induce him to stay till the First, but the sickness of a child, whom he left at C. called him home immediately. I have just written a long letter to Senator Morris, inviting him, in the name of the State Committee to visit Massachusetts and spend some time with us. So, also, to Birney, directed to care of Chaplin. Tho I have no doubt both our leader-chiefs will respond to our call, yet neither of them will be with us on the First. So, you, Andrews, Burritt and Elder, will have to do the chief speaking. *You* will also be expected to sing a song with one of the Miss Birds! Let us have a rousing time.

Now, Whittier, for your best advice on a certain topic. I am going to decide by next fall, whether I leave Massachusetts. Nothing will force me out but my health. I am decidedly better than I was last summer and winter, and my hopes of overcoming all difficulties by care, are strengthening. Yet, my rather severe illness on the Fourth produced some slight effect on my lungs — sufficiently to convince me that I must be careful. If I remain in old Massachusetts, I shall not *live* in *Boston;* tho it will be my chief place of business. Well, by living out of the city, I wish to select such a place of residence as will combine as

> Unharmed without a laurel gone,
> As from the flames of Babylon.
> The angel guarded trial came;
> The slanderer shall be silent then,
> His spell shall leave the minds of men,
> And higher glory wait upon
> The Western patriot's future fame.'

"The truthful breathings of his pure, youthful fancy will soon become historical facts."

many advantages as possible: such as, pleasure, good society, health, and increase of business. I have my eye on three places, Salem, Lowell and Dedham. If I resided at either of those places, I should expect to come in to Boston every morning and go out every evening, as a general rule, Boston being my chief business place. But, each of those places is a law-center for its County; and, if I should reside at either, I should there have an office in connexion (probably not in partnership) with some lawyer, and should purpose, as a general rule, to be there every evening and occasionally part of an afternoon to be consulted and do business; still making Boston my main business stand. . . .

Well, Whittier, if I have not given you a long rigmarole! When I sat down, I intended to write only about the speakers at our Salem Meeting. My letter looked so short, I thought I would add a word about my residence; and here I have spun out a whole sheet. Now, dear J. G. think the matter over and write me your mind seriously about it. It will oblige me much.

Yours ever and ever,

H. B. Stanton.

From CHARLES A. DANA

Brook Farm, July 3, 1845.

FRIEND WHITTIER :

I received your letter to-day, but the book has not reached me. If it is left at Redding & Co's., 8 State St., I shall get it. I am glad that you like the Harbinger.[1] The testimony of a person like yourself not pledged to its special doctrines, is an evidence that we are not wrong in the manner of setting forth our views.

Animated by ideas which, whatever may be thought of their scientific correctness, are universal in their character, we should plainly be inconsistent with ourselves, did we allow ourselves to assume an attitude of hostility to any party or interest. We believe that we are the disciples of a philosophy which, while it opens the means of satisfying the irrepressible aspirations of the heart of Man, reconciles all partial truths in its own universality, and puts an end, or rather when once understood and applied, will put an end to all scepticism, as well as to all sectarian controversies. With this belief tolerance is almost a necessity, though on the other hand criticism of what is positively wrong, assumes a more decided though gentle tone. Will it be too much to ask of you an occasional contribution to our pages whether of prose or verse? You will see in

[1] Dana joined Brook Farm in 1842. The first number of the *Harbinger*, which was the organ of that institution, was issued June 14, 1845.

this week's paper a little piece [1] of your's which, I fear by the way, the paper from which we copied it, did not print correctly.

Our poetical department is not an easy one to fill. The *New Spirit* has hardly yet made its way among the gentler muses, though when the *Poet* has once comprehended the Destiny of Man, such strains will burst from his lips as the world has never yet echoed with.

Most faithfully yours,

CHARLES A. DANA.

[1] "When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept."
"The Moral Warfare," *Poems*, 275.

Dana's fears as to the correctness of the printing were groundless.

From CHARLES SUMNER

Boston, Jan. 5th 1847. ['48]

DEAR MR. WHITTIER:

I cannot let you off without thanks for your most kind and flattering testimony for the little that I have been able to do. I value your word very much and esteem your notice a sprig of true laurel.

I wish that I could see hope for the country, but I cannot. The war and slavery will continue to tear our vitals. Thank God! at last we have a voice in the Senate. Hale has[1] opened well. His short speeches have been proper premonitions of what is to come. Every word from him will resound through the country. I hope you will encourage him to make thorough work in the Senate. I wish to see him discuss the war in its relations to slavery. Then I hope he will find occasion to open the whole subject of slavery constitutionally, morally, politically, economically. I wish to see Theodore Parker's Letter[2] spoken in the Senate. That will diffuse it everywhere.

I hope to see you when you are in Boston.

Sincerely Yrs.

CHARLES SUMNER.

[1] John P. Hale of New Hampshire entered the U. S. Senate Dec. 6, 1847.

[2] "Letter to the People of the United States Touching the Motto of Slavery," by Theodore Parker, dated Dec. 22, 1847, but issued early in 1848. Chadwick, *Parker, Preacher and Reformer*, 239.

To CHARLES SUMNER

Amesbury, 23d 6th Mo. 1848.

My dear Friend:

It is not in my power to be with you to-morrow, although it is my wish to do so. In regard to thy query touching the Liberty men taking a part in the organization of the Convention,[1] I cannot speak with authority, but will simply give my opinion.

The case as I understand it is just this. The Liberty Party at first small and proscribed has fought a hard battle for seven years, and has grown to be at

[1] This convention at Worcester, June 28, was called for action by the "Conscience" Whigs after Gen. Taylor, a slave holder, had been nominated for the Presidency at Philadelphia, June 7. Sumner was active in the preparations for the Worcester gathering, which was so largely attended that no hall could hold the crowds. It was a time of the breaking of old party lines, and others besides Whittier were concerned what course to follow.

June 20, three days before the above was written, Whittier wrote another to Sumner, discussing the prospects and urging that the "Conscience" Whigs act courageously and manfully. This letter (*Letter Books of Charles Sumner*, Harvard College Library) shows how much Whittier was stirred by the prospect: — "Call out the grim fanaticism of the Puritan. *Dare*, DARE, DARE, as Danton told the French; that is the secret of successful revolt. Oh for a man! There is the difficulty after all. Who is to head the movement? . . . Look just now at Webster and Tom Corwin! Flat on their faces, like Eastern slaves, before Taylor and Slavery. In what noble contrast stand Hale and Van Buren the younger. You must have a new and bold man, one to whom old notions and practices on the question of slavery are like threads of tow, breaking with the first movement of his limbs. . . ."

least 80,000 strong. Pressed upon all sides, it has a compact form and organization and is strong in the indomitable will of its members, who have been tried as by fire. The men ask nothing but the privilege of fighting the battle of freedom on the ground they have heretofore maintained. They believe their position the right one, and *standing there* they are ready and anxious to cooperate with Conscience Whigs and Independent Democrats, — nay more, they are willing that the latter shall be leaders and standard-bearers, while they fall into the ranks of the common soldiers of freedom. (I see by the by that my figures are getting somewhat military.)

To show our feeling in this district, our Convention last fall nominated J. P. Hale, an Independent Democrat, as our candidate for the Presidency. For this some of our other friends greatly censured us, and have withdrawn from our organization. We nominated Hale, not only because he was eminently worthy of it, but because we wished thereby to show to anti-slavery Whigs and Democrats that we were willing to meet them in a fraternal spirit and not as mere partizans. Against his inclinations Hale consented to be a candidate. Under these circumstances, the Liberty men must be passive and let events shape themselves, in the hope that at the coming election they may be able to cooperate fraternally with all who are hostile to slavery. We cannot, as honest men, abandon Hale, who has stood up so nobly for our principles, so long as he remains in his present relation to us. Should he decline, in view of a general movement of all anti-slavery men, the case would be different.

But even then, for one I cannot consent after a life

long struggle in this cause, to be instrumental in *lowering down* the standard of the Liberty party. I don't ask that the candidate shall be a member of that party, but I do insist that he shall be a decided and resolute anti-slavery man. In this matter the Liberty men have but one voice. I do not believe it is in the power of myself or Dr. Bailey or Stanton or Chase, Lewis, Tappan, Fessenden, etc., even could we be induced ourselves to undertake it, to carry the Liberty party in favor of any other than a thorough, hearty abolitionist. They would cast us off, and move onward.

As to Hale himself, he has no wish to stand as a candidate, unless by so doing he can promote the cause. He is no partizan — he has no other ties, than that of sympathy in a common object, to bind him to the Liberty men. Dr. Bailey has, I know, a good deal of faith in Judge McLean. He is a worthy respectable man, but he has never been known as abolitionist. Some of his decisions too are bad on this very subject. His range of vision is narrow. He is the slave of yesterday, — the victim of precedents. He is not even "available." There are ten hearts in the country that leap faster at the name of Hale, or John Van Buren, or J. R. Fielding, to one that does so at that of McLean. The time for old, worn petitioners has gone by. The party of the people must have a man fresh and strong from the people themselves.

Not knowing therefore what is contemplated by you, in respect to a nomination, it would hardly be best for Liberty men to take *responsible* stations in the organization of the Convention. At least, such is my feeling. If I cannot wholly go with you, I wish to encourage you onward in what you regard as duty,

unembarassed by my own scruples and difficulties. In heart and soul I am with you in every honest word and work for freedom. I rejoice to hear of Judge Allen's reception. A prominent Democrat here tells me he shall go with the party of freedom. The Whigs will have the very flower of their party. God bless you, and guide you.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Excuse the haste of this letter. I have no time to see what I have written.

W.

From CHARLES SUMNER

Boston, July 12th, '48.

My dear Whittier:

It is hard for me to stay away, when you bid me come; but positive engagements occupy all my time. I must decline for the present the invitation you send me.[1]

I cannot hope to do service in the way you propose till after the Buffalo Convention. My duties for the present occupy every moment. I need not dwell upon them; but you may be assured that I should not decline yr summons unless I felt constrained so to do.

Things tend to Van Buren as our candidate. I am willing to take him. With him we can break the slave-power. That is our first aim. We can have a direct issue on the subject of slavery. We hope that McLean will be Vice-President, Van B. and McL.! That is a strong Free Soil ticket. It will go like an elephant among the cane-brakes. Truly success seems to be within our reach. I never supposed that I should belong to a successful party.

In haste,

Ever yrs.

Charles Sumner.

[1] In Appendix H, p. 278.

From HENRY B. STANTON

Seneca Falls, July 31, 1848.

DEAR WHITTIER:

If you go to Buffalo[1] (as I hope you will) I fear this hasty note, in reply to yours, will not reach you ere you start. I am just off to attend a Free Soil meeting at Penn Yan, to-morrow, and have not time to go at length into the points suggested in your letter. To come to *a* point, if not *the* point, I suppose if you were satisfied your vote would elect Van Buren over both Cass and Taylor, you would not, standing as he now does, give it to him. Well, *I would.*

You say this is taking the very ground repudiated by me in 1844 in the case of Clay. My answer is:

[1] Whittier had planned to attend, but his health prevented. Stanton (*Recollections*, 162) tells the character of the convention: —

"The nomination of General Cass for the Presidency by the Democrats and General Taylor by the Whigs led to the Buffalo Convention of 1848. The Barnburners had opposed Cass in vain at the Baltimore Convention. They had made the Monumental City lurid with their wrath, frightening the delegates from the back States almost out of their wits.

"At Buffalo I was one of the committee that drafted its Free Soil platform. It was a motley assembly. Pro-Slavery Democrats were there to avenge the wrongs of Martin Van Buren. Free Soil Democrats were there to punish the assassins of Silas Wright. Pro-Slavery Whigs were there to strike down General Taylor because he had dethroned their idol, Henry Clay, in the Philadelphia Convention. Anti-Slavery Whigs were there breathing the spirit of the departed John Quincy Adams. Abolitionists of all shades of opinion were present, from the darkest type to those of a milder hue, who shared the views of Salmon P. Chase."

1. Suppose it is. This does not prove it to be wrong. 2. But it is not. *Then* the question was territorial extension; *now* it is slavery extension. Then the candidate was a slaveholder; now he is not. Then we were not sure he was right, but believed him to be wrong, on the very question at issue; now we know him to be right. Then we were asked to unite with one of the great pro-slavery parties of the country, in the support of its candidates; now we are asked to unite with men of all parties, who have abandoned their parties on the ground of their subserviency to slavery and are rallying on independent ground to meet a precise issue which the slave power tenders.

There are other differences, but these will suffice. The simple question is, whether Liberty men will, at this crisis, vote for a candidate for President, who is not with them on all points. Twist it as we will, that is it. For one, I say *I will.* Suppose we had power to elect all the officers to govern the new territories; and one set *I knew* would keep slavery out; and there were two other sets that would let it in. Would I refuse to vote for the former because they did not think Congress ought to abolish slavery in the Dist. of Columbia? I certainly would not. You see the analogy.

In a word, so imminent do I esteem the present crisis, believing that we are at this election settling the destiny of all Mexico, and indeed the question of peaceful abolition, or bloody revolution, I shall go for the nominee of the Buffalo Convention, I presume.

By so doing, I do not give up any principle I ever held; and do not feel in any danger of being lost hereafter. Indeed, by supporting Hale, I go for a man

who does not go so far as I do as to the power of Congress. I differ with him. The truth is, we Liberty men have got some *isms* that are too refined for use. They are like the Whig Anti-Slavery resolutions; better adapted for show than use.

Lewis Tappan puts forth an address, counselling us to stand firm, etc. He and his co-signers live in a city of half a million of people. They give half a hundred votes. Such men are not practical, except on paper.

I don't like the Emancipator folks. They pass resolutions against go[ing] to Buffalo as delegates, in State Committee, and then all hands turn out, attend Free Soil meetings called to appoint delegates, make speeches, and get appointed delegates themselves. I don't see the joke.

Don't infer from all this that V. Buren is my man. I shall oppose him at B. But I shall go — Have written this in 3 minutes. Hope to see you at B. *Call here.*

Haste. Thine ever,

H. B. Stanton.

Hale proposes to make you, Tuck, Lewis, Leavitt and me a Committee to decide upon his duty as to withdrawing — to consult at Buffalo. From this, I take it for granted you will be there. I start from home *Monday* morning. *Don't fail to be there.*

From THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON[1]

Newburyport, Aug. 3, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:

I spoke somewhat hurriedly in answer to yr invitation to me (at the Convention) to come to Amesbury: let me say therefore a word to explain.

My position is rather a difficult one just now, for my good friends here, though ready to allow me any

[1] Colonel Higginson in his *Cheerful Yesterdays* (100–131) writes of the "Rearing of a Reformer" and describes his "rather difficult position." At the date of this letter he had nearly completed the first of his two years of service as minister of the First Religious Society of Newburyport. He was soon to be nominated for Congress by the new Free Soil party, a result, he says, of the work of Whittier, who saw that he himself might have to accept the nomination, and so drafted the ardent young preacher from Newburyport as a substitute. Higginson accepted and "stumped" the district, but was defeated, as was anticipated.

The nature and extent of the "prejudices among his good friends" Colonel Higginson indicates in his description of the retired sea captains in his parish, most of whom had had experience in Southern ports with slavery, and wanted that subject kept out of the pulpit. Among these captains was Francis Todd, whose judgment against Garrison for $50 and costs for libel, was the cause of Garrison's imprisonment in the Baltimore jail for seven weeks in 1830. Garrison in the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* had commented in characteristic manner on Todd's vessel having transported a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans. (*Garrison*, i, 167.)

The *Oration* at the Proceedings of the 150th Anniversary of this Church in 1875 deals with this period and its events.

amount of liberty in the pulpit, have yet prejudices which make it a hard trial to them to have their minister take the stump at a Presidential election, particularly on what they think a very wrong side. Now you will agree with me that just at this time, I need all the influence I have *here especially* and am bound not to tamper with it. At the same time I see it a clear duty to go just as far as I wisely can in helping on the several agitations.

Now I candidly think and so would you, if you knew all the circumstances, that my Lowell movement was going quite far enough *just now*. It will try my friends here severely. I felt a clear call to do it and shall in any case rejoice I did. I *may* feel an equally clear call to address every town in the District and in that case *shall do it*, but I *don't expect to*. At any rate I must wait and see the effect of this blow here, before I strike another. My next may be an address here, for aught I know. I have thought of it, and if I do, the effect of it would be decidedly better for my beginning at home. In any case I feel that *this* is the most important soil, and I am constantly considering the influence to be excited here.

Another thing is the uncertain result of the Buffalo Convention. Unless we can have *union* I shall not want to come forward, and certainly do not wish to, before we know how we are to stand.

In case the B. C. *should* nominate some one who can unite us, this plan has occurred to me, to have another District Convention, either at Haverhill or actually *here*, and bring out all our strength. I will pledge myself for that unhesitatingly, and I should anticipate marked results from it even here.

You will see that I am a somewhat cautious person, but I am not afraid of your distrusting me, or misunderstanding.

Yours heartily,

T. W. Higginson.

This does n't demand any answer.

From LEWIS TAPPAN[1]

Dover, N. H. Aug. 22/48.

DEAR WHITTIER:

On my return to Wells Beach, Me., Miss Minot and Chamberlain accompanied me to this place. I saw Leavitt in Boston, who is mesmerised into a full blooded Van Buren man. He fully expects that the magician will write a perfectly satisfactory letter. I told him, I *hoped* so, but should wait to see it before forsaking Hale and throwing up my cap for Van.

We had a long interview with Mr. Hale last evening. It is evident that he feels keenly that he has not been well [treated] and Stanton has, I greatly fear, betrayed him and the cause. After writing to me that he sh[d] go to Buffalo to advocate the nomination of Hale, he did all he could there, from the first, to ensure the nomination of Van Buren. While Leavitt and Lewis and Jackson voted for Hale at the first

[1] Of his friend Lewis Tappan Whittier (*Prose Works*, ii, 278) records: "At the very outset, in company with his brother Arthur, he devoted his time, talents and wealth, and social position to the righteous but unpopular cause of Emancipation, and became, in consequence, a mark for the persecution which followed such devotion. His business was crippled, his name cast out as evil, his dwelling sacked and his furniture cast into the street and burned. Yet he never, in the darkest hour, faltered or hesitated for a moment. He knew he was right, and that the end would justify him; one of the cheerfullest of men, he was strong where others were weak, hopeful where others despaired."

balloting, Stanton voted for Van and electioneered for him with all his might.

Mr. Hale did not withdraw! He wrote a letter to Giddings (which G. lost on the way) stating that in the peculiar and responsible circumstances in which he was placed, he needed advice, and desired that the friends who attended the Convention, would inform him of what was done and advise him as to the course he had best pursue. Hale also wrote to Stanton giving him the substance of his letter to Giddings. On the envelope of the letter to G., Mr. Hale wrote 5 names — as the friends whose advice he needed — Leavitt, Fogg, Whittier, Stanton and Lewis. On the strength of such a letter Mr. Hale's name was withdrawn and the Liberty men urged to go for Van Buren!

Leavitt wanted, yesterday, to have Hale's name taken down on the "Emancipator," and Van Buren's hoisted. He seemed to insist upon it, but it was refused. Hale's name will continue to float at mast head, until Mr. Van Buren's letter is received and approved by Mr. Hale and his friends, his true friends.

If Van Buren adopts the Buffalo Platform, I suppose we must all go for him. If he does not, should we not let the Lib. party know all the facts, and rally for Hale and Liberty!

I expect to be at Wells Beach all this week. My address is Wells Beach, N. Berwick, Me. After this week my address for a few days will be care Geo. W^m^ Gordon, Boston, and after that at New York as usual.

I was 28 minutes in going from your house to the Depot (poor horse!) and arrived in Boston in good time. It would have given me peculiar pleasure to

have remained longer with you, and to have talked over private as well as public affairs. I want to do something to promote your health and that of your dear sister. But the train is coming.

Ever and truly yours,

L. TAPPAN.

From CHARLES SUMNER

Boston, Dec. 6th '48

MY DEAR WHITTIER:

Yr poem[1] in the last *Era* has touched my heart. Are you well? I fear that you are not. May God preserve you in strength and courage, for all good works.

I have yr new volume.[2] It is a precious collection; but where are the Poems of Labor?[3] I rejoice that this volume is published. We will let our Poet uproot the slave-trade. There they cannot withstand. How much more powerful is a song than a bullet! The literature of the world is turning against slavery. We shall have it soon in a state of moral blockade. Then it must fall. We will treat it like a besieged city — cut off from all supplies.

[1] "I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled,
I ask not now for fame."
"The Wish of To-day," *Poems*, 431.

[2] *Poems* by John G. Whittier. Illustrated by H. Billings. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Company, 1849, pp. 384. This, the first general collection of Whittier's poems, was undertaken in part through friendship and appreciation of Whittier's anti-slavery work with which Mussey sympathized. The volume was handsomely printed, and was successful financially, three editions having been printed.

[3] "The Songs of Labor," which had appeared in the *Democratic Review* 1845–1847, were not gathered in a volume until 1850, when with other poems they were published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, pp. 127.

I admire Bailey[1] as an editor very much. His articles show infinite sagacity and tact. That in the last number on the old Democratic party is perfect.

Do you see the efforts to wriggle away from the Wilmot Proviso? I fear that the "artful dodgers" will yet prevail.

But I took my pen, merely to ask after your health. There are few to whom I would allot a larger measure of this world's blessings, than to yourself — had I any control; for there are few who deserve them more. I trust to hear that you are strong in body, happy in heart. Adieu. Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

[1] Editor of the *National Era*, of which Whittier was corresponding editor.

To "THE BAY STATE," LYNN

Amesbury, 4th 10th Month 1850

To the Editors of the Bay State.

I have just learned that my name has been placed on the *ticket* for State Senators by the Democratic County Convention, held at Salem on the 2^{d} Ins^{t}. I am grateful for this mark of confidence on the part of that Convention, but must nevertheless decline the nomination. I doubtless sympathise to a great extent with the Convention in respect to the desirableness of *State Reform*, but this consideration alone is, to my mind as dust in the balance compared to the *Senatorial* election by our next *Legislature*. To effect the election of a decided and active Friend of *Human Freedom* to the *National Councils* for the next six years, I would make any exertion or sacrifice consistent with the principles which I cherish and have long publickly maintained.

While I have sufficient personal and private reasons for declining any nomination for political office, there is one of a different character, which I may be justified in alluding to. Since the passage of the *Fugitive Slave Law* by *Congress*, I find myself in a position with respect to it, which I fear my fellow citizens generally are not prepared to justify. So far as that law is concerned, I am a nullifier. By no act or countenance or consent of mine shall that law be enforced in *Massa-*

chusetts. My door is still open to the oppressed, whether fleeing from *Austria*[1] or South Carolina.

Thy friend JOHN G. WHITTIER

Endorsement by Whittier. Copy of letter to the Ed. "Bay State," Lynn, Mass.

[1] Kossuth was at this time in America. *Poems*, 189.

From CHARLES SUMNER

Boston, Dec. 3d '50

My dear Whittier:

Some days ago I sent you, through Fields, my two vols.[1] and I am now tempted to write, partly to excuse myself for thus venturing. My *ideal* is so much above any thing *actual* in my poor life, that I have little satisfaction in any thing I am able to do. And I value these things, which are now published, simply as my earnest testimony to truths, which I have most sincerely at heart. They have all been done, because I could not help it — almost unconsciously, I may say. One of the thoughts, which reconcile me to my audacity, is that possibly these volumes may tempt young men, particularly at colleges, to our fields of action. But I have little confidence even in this aspiration.

I have longed to see you of late; for there are several matters that I should be glad to confer with you about. The late elections have given us great advantages. I hope they will be exercised wisely, discreetly, justly and without any petty proscription. But in order to make our position tolerable, it seems to me that Boutwell,[2] if he receives our vote, must in his message put himself substantially upon our platform. I believe

[1] Sumner's *Orations and Speeches* had just been printed in two volumes by Ticknor & Fields.

[2] Boutwell's inaugural message, Jan. 1851, was not definite and decided against slavery and the recently enacted Fugitive Slave Law, and in consequence the Free Soilers took offense. Pierce, *Sumner*, iii, 241.

he voted for the resolutions of last winter. I should be content, if he would repeat those in his message, and say that he abides by them. Without some such adherence by him to our principles our whole combination will be routed next autumn.

Of these and other things I should like to talk with you. When shall you be in town? Mr. Hallam has lost his only other son, by sudden death at *Sienna*. The first died suddenly at *Vienna*. Who will write his *In Memoriam?*

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

How long does Miss [illegible] remain in Amesbury. I must see you to-morrow, if I come up.

P. S. Yr. last article in the *Era* was most interesting.[1]

[1] "Slavery in Massachusetts," signed J. G. W., in the *National Era*, Nov. 28, 1850. After an historical review the article continues: "It will be seen by the facts we have adduced that slavery in Massachusetts never had a legal existence. The ermine of the judiciary of the Puritan State has never been sullied by the admission of its detestable claims. It crept into the Commonwealth like other evils and vices, but never succeeded in clothing itself with the sanction and authority of law. It stood only upon its own execrable foundation of robbery and wrong."

From CHARLES SUMNER

Boston, Sept. 11th '51.

DEAR WHITTIER:

I distrust myself where I differ from you; but I do most sincerely believe that the good of our cause is most intimately connected with the triumph of the coalition[1] this autumn. And though I covet the entire absorption of the Dem. party by our force, yet I am willing to *use them*, and also for other matters to co-operate with them, on the best terms, we can get. Websterized Whiggry must be defeated. But this can be done only by a coalition, securing to freedom once more the BALANCE of power in the Legislature. For that balance of power I pray. Help us. Do.[2]

Ever and ever thine,

CHARLES SUMNER.

[1] By the coalition of Free Soilers and Democrats, the preceding January, George S. Boutwell, a Democrat, had been elected Governor by the Legislature, the understanding being that the Democrats were to vote for a Free Soiler for U. S. Senator. Under this arrangement Sumner was elected in April, 1851, defeating Winthrop, a Whig, after a long, hardfought contest. "The triumph of coalition" was not obtained; the Democrats in November having a majority without any Free Soil votes.

[2] Whittier's reply, from the *Letter Book of Charles Sumner*, Harvard Library.

Amesbury, 14th 9th mo. 1851

MY DEAR SUMNER:

Thy note has been rec'd, and I will write thee in a day or two. The proceedings of the Whig Convention have gone far to reconcile me to the views expressed in thy letter, Still I am not prepared to

P. S. Various reasons impose upon me *silence* during this contest; but I feel that my usefulness in the place to which I have been sent, much against my own desire, will much depend upon the success of the coalition. Imagine yr. Senator at Washington with Winthrop Govern[or] and a Websterized Whig Legislature.[1]

act: my old Liberty party *impracticability* is difficult to overcome. I want to be in Worcester, but I am not able to bear the fatigue and excitement.

My friend Geo. Turner of this place is authorized to call on thee and if possible to secure thee as a lecturer in our new Lyceum. Do not refuse. I want to see thee before thou leaves for Washington.

Thine ever,

John G. Whittier.

[1] Sumner was criticised at the time for not entering more heartily into the campaign, it being felt that as he had accepted office, he should work for the party.

From EDWIN P. HILL[1]

Haverhill, Ms. May 3, 1853.

FRIEND WHITTIER:

Your favor of the 22[d] ultimo was duly rec'd. To the several points I now reply in their order.

1[st] I much regret that your inclinations are somewhat adverse to the publication of a portrait, from the fact that there are very many of your friends that desire it. I do not however understand you to peremptorily decline the presentation of your "face" to the public. Should you on further consideration of the subject think it proper, I shall be most happy to have the honor of its publication, and assure you it shall be presented in the best style. If at any time you shall be disposed to sit for a picture for that purpose, please send it me with a statement of its cost and I will send the money to you.

2[d] With reference to the homestead. It is almost universally the case that pictures are made to appear *better* than their originals; such may in some *slight* degree be the case with this, but I have never seen a picture that was so generally regarded as truthful as

[1] Edwin P. Hill (1818–1900), a merchant of Haverhill, was active in the same political circles with Whittier. He was appointed postmaster by Lincoln and served eight years. All through his life he maintained a connection, more or less close, with newspapers, either as correspondent or editorial writer. In 1853 he published the lithograph, mentioned in the letter, which bears this inscription: "Birthplace of John G. Whittier, the American Quaker Poet, Haverhill, Mass. To John G. Whittier, the Reform poet, this picture is most respectfully dedicated by the publishers." The plate is drawn from a rather indifferent painting by a local artist.

this. Your friend Moses Emerson, who by the way is a *close observer*, says "it looks just like the old place," that he "should know it if he met the picture in England." It was necessary to leave out a few trees to get a good view. There is no well curb now, a few stones mark the place of the well, and those are behind a tree — the "old oaken bucket" is also gone.

3d. With regard to the title &c, Horace Greeley calls you in his notice of your poems the "American Quaker poet" and he, you know, is an *unpretending* man and would not use words unreasonably, if he knew it; I ventured to take that part of the title from him. We have a little *pride* in American talent, which finds its way out occasionally.

The "repetition" you speak of, I could not well avoid. — Besides the Americanism, we have a pride in your position as a "Reform" poet; strictly speaking you are the only one we have, and I wished to *unite* this idea with the picture. I am sorry your sister and yourself do not entirely agree with this view, but trust it may be no decided objection in your mind. I had ordered the printing of the pictures, and that part was done before your letter was rec'd. It is regarded as an appropriate title by all who have spoken of it.

If agreeable to you, I should like a short certificate bearing upon the correctness and general truthfulness of the picture.

I send you 3 copies, and 1 also enclosed which please pass to the editor of the Villager. There is no charge for these — please accept them from the publisher with sentiments of high esteem. Truly thine,

E. P. Hill.

From CHARLES SUMNER

Boston, Nov. 21st '53.

My dear Whittier:

The day after our election, I left for New York, where, amongst other things I enjoyed the Xstal Palace and Uncle Tom's Cabin at the low theatre, now changed and elevated; and on my return Sunday morning found yr. letter.[1]

The loss of the Constitution[2] is a severe calamity to the Liberal cause in this State. I deplore it from my heart. It seems to me that it may be traced to three causes.

1st. in order of time; the defection of Palfrey and Adams which stimulated the Whigs and neutralized many of our friends.

2ndly. Cushing's letter,[3] which paralyzed the activities of the Democratic leaders; and

3dly the positive intervention of the Catholic Church. With any one of these sinister influences out of the way we should have established the new Constitution. With it would have come many beneficent changes, but beyond all else, it would have broken the backbone of the Boston oligarchy, the stumbling-block of

[1] In Appendix I, page 279.

[2] Several amendments to the Constitution of Massachusetts had been submitted to vote in November, 1853, and were rejected.

[3] A letter of Caleb Cushing, then Attorney General of the United States, discountenancing a further alliance of Democrats and Free Soilers, had great effect on those seeking office from the Democratic administration.

all reform and especially of all Anti-slavery. I honor Palfrey much for his life and for what at other times he has done; but I hardly venture to hope that he can by any future service repair the wrong he has done to our cause.

I have not been a party to any counsels of our friends since the election. My hope is that the Whigs may yet be defeated in their efforts to secure the control of the House, so that our friends may press their reforms with hope of success.

My desire is for the plurality rule, that we may submit our cause directly to the people. Yea or Nay! — In a week I leave for Washington. The Convention and the late contest have absorbed most of my time since the last Congress. Let me hear from you and be sure that I count upon your c[ounsel] and friendship.

Ever thine,

CHARLES SUMNER

From CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON[1]

Cambridge, June 26, 1855.

My dear Sir:

After a day of excessive heat, passed in the class and lecture room, I have just been refreshed by reading your charming poem — the Barefoot Boy.[2] I do not know that it has not been published before: but I never saw it until I took up this evening's Transcript and my eye falling on the subject, read it through. The sensations and memories it called up were delicious as a shower in a summer afternoon; and I forgot the intervening years, forgot Latin and Greek — forgot boots and shoes and long-tailed and broad-tailed coats — and revelled again in the days and delights of jacket-hood, torn hat-hood and barefoot-hood. For all this, I cannot help thanking you, and for so many other true touches of native poetry.

[1] Professor of Greek at Harvard College from 1832, and President from 1860 until his death in 1862.

[2] "Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy up-turned pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy."

Poems, 396.

This, however, comes home to me in a peculiar manner. I feel the tingle of it, to the ends of my toes, and sigh to think of the double-soled boots I shall have to wear, until wearing anything will be bootless.

Perhaps the following passage, in a lecture (one of a course delivered by me three years ago before the Lowell Institute in Boston) on the Life and Literature of the Greeks, will amuse you: — "To go barefoot never offended the usages of society, except on festive or state occasions; and anyone who remembers with what delight he felt the firm touch of the earth, in Spring or early Summer, when the time came for throwing off his shoes and stockings, will agree with me in thinking that the Hellenic usage in this respect was more natural and agreeable than our own. Of all the enjoyments of childhood and youth in the country in former times, this of the soft fresh feeling of the genial earth pressed by the unshod sole of the foot, is undoubtedly one of the most delicious: — a pleasure, I fear, now fast vanishing away: — '*haud inexpertus loquor*.'"

Your poem is a striking illustration how much poetry there is in the commonest objects, provided one has the skill to find it out.

In another way, the novel of Christie Johnstone exhibits the same. That divine young fish woman is one of the freshest, most natural, most poetical, and most human creatures of modern times. Thank heaven, the world is not yet exhausted. The earth is as fresh as ever to him who will venture to touch it with his bare sole: the sea is as blue as ever, and the breezes are as delicious as ever, to all who will meet them half way.

Excuse my prosing. I once had the pleasure of meeting you personally; I have often met you in the pages of your books; and I am always

With true regard yours,

C. C. Felton.

To his AMESBURY NEIGHBORS[1]

Amesbury, 2d of 6th month, 1856.

My dear Friend:

Fearing that I may not be able to attend the meeting this evening, I beg leave, through thee, to say a word to my Fellow Citizens. I need not say how fully I sympathize with the object of the meeting, nor speak of my grief for the sufferings and danger of a beloved friend, now nearer and dearer than ever, stricken down at his post of duty for his manly defence of Freedom; nor of my mingled pity, horror and indignation, in view of the atrocities in Kansas. It seems to me to be no time for the indulgence of mere emotions. Neither wailing nor threats befit the occasion. It is our first duty to enquire why it is that the bad men in power have been emboldened to commit the outrages of which we complain. Why is it that the South has dared to make such experiments upon us?

To my mind the answer is plain. The North is not united for Freedom as the South is for Slavery. We are split into factions; we get up paltry side issues and quarrel with and abuse each other; and the Slave Power, as a matter of course, takes advantage of our folly. That evil power is only strong through our dissensions. It could do nothing against a united North.

[1] This letter was read at a meeting of the citizens of Amesbury and Salisbury to express their feelings on the outrage upon the Hon. Charles Sumner in the Senate of the United States.

The one indispensable thing for us is UNION. Can we not have it? Can we not set an example in this very neighborhood, Whigs, Democrats, Free Soilers and Americans, joining hands in defence of our common liberties? We must forget, forgive, and unite.[1] I feel a solemn impression that the present opportunity is the last that will be offered us for the peaceful and Constitutional remedy of the evil which afflicts us. The crisis in our destiny has come; the hour is striking of our final and irrevocable choice. God grant that it may be rightfully made.

Let us not be betrayed into threats. Leave violence where it belongs, with the wrong doer. It is worse than folly to talk of fighting slavery, when we have not yet agreed to vote against it. Our business is with *poll* boxes, not *cartridge* boxes; with *ballots*, not *bullets*. The path of duty is plain; God's providence calls us to walk in it. Let me close by repeating, — Forget, Forgive, and Unite.

Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[1] "The sentiment expressed in the letter of our esteemed fellow townsman, John G. Whittier, — forgive, forget and unite — seemed to animate all minds." Amesbury *Villager*, June 5, 1856.

From CHARLES SUMNER

Boston, 20th Dec. '56.

My Dear Whittier:

Your letter[1] charmed and soothed me. Every day I thought of it, and chided myself for letting it go unanswered. Then came your beautiful poem of peace[2] depicting a true conquest, which made my pulse beat quick and my eyes moisten with tears. Truly do I thank you for that generous sympathy which you give to me, and also to mankind.

At last we may see the beginning of the end of our great struggle. The North seems to have assumed an attitude which it cannot abandon. Meanwhile our duty is clear, to scatter everywhere the seeds of truth. Never was the poet needed more than now, and the orator too; for the audiences are now larger and more

[1] Whittier's letter to Sumner in Appendix J, page 280.

[2] "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gun-boats of the allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."

"The sunken boats of fishers,
The foraged beeves and grain,
The spoil of flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.
And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid."

"The Conquest of Finland" and note, *Poems*, 377.

attentive than ever. No opportunity should be lost for pressing upon the public mind the best and strongest statements of our cause and the most earnest exhortations to support it.

My chief sorrow for seven months of seclusion has been that I have been shut out from the field of action. I am sad now that I am discouraged by my physician from making any present effort. I am permitted to take my seat and be quiet. My purpose is to leave here for Washington very soon. What I shall do there, must depend on my health. Oh! I long to speak and liberate my soul. If I am able to speak, as I desire, I think that I shall be shot. Very well; I am content. The cause will live. But I cannot bear the thought that I may survive with impaired powers, or with a perpetual disability.

If I live till March, I shall hurry to Europe; there in travel to recruit my system and to forget that I am an invalid. Let me hear from you.

Believe me, always affect[y] yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

From JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Cambridge, 10th Aug. 1857.

MY DEAR WHITTIER:

I write to you in behalf of the editors of the new Magazine to be published in Boston, to ask you to contribute to it. They hope to have you for a regular contributor, and will make the terms of payment agreeable to yourself. The Mag. I understand will be a free one, and on the right side. Emerson, Longfellow, Prescott, Motley, Holmes, Hawthorne, Whipple and others are, *I know*, to be contributors. I hope that no engagements will stand in the way of your writing [for] it.

I take particular pleasure in executing this commission, because it gives me a chance to thank you for a poem of yours (The last walk in Autumn),[1] which gave me a special thrill of delight — so much so, indeed, that I thought of writing to you at the time. Nor let me forget the Sycamore[2] in my thanks.

Should you send anything, address

F. H. Underwood, care of Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Renewing old expressions of regard,

I remain,

faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

[1] *Poems*, 150.

[2] *Poems*, 56.

From JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Cambridge, 23 *Jany.* 1858.

My Dear Whittier:

Till Mr. Underwood told me last evening of your note to him, I was under the impression that I had written to you. I devoted a forenoon to bringing up my correspondence, and you were on my list, and how it came that I neglected you, I can only explain by the constant distraction of the printing-office. I am responsible for Maga——; all questions are brought to me about corrections and the like. So you will easily see that with my classes and recitations in College, I am pretty thoroughly employed. So do, pray, keep forgiving me, and I will keep promising to be a good boy. What I tell you of my connection with Maga, is confidential, for I should be overwhelmed by young authors, if they knew anything about it.

When I received your last poem, I had already got in type another poem on the same topic, so that yours was out of the question, and therefore the more reason that I should have written. I hold out my hand for the ferule like a man. Do let your writing and saying you will send another poem soon, be my punishment.

I think you will like No. 4 almost as well as No 3. — and on the whole, I can't help feeling that we have made the promise of a good magazine.

Don't you ever write *prose* nowadays? Suppose you try your hand on something for us. You see

how I am corrupted already and begin to regard *filling up*.

On reading your poem over again in print, I take back what I said about its being long. I think it beautiful and quite short enough. I don't pretend to understand a thing fully in Ms; I am so fagged.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. R. Lowell.

From LEWIS TAPPAN

South Woodstock, Conn.
1st August, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Mrs. Bailey, in a letter just rec[d] from her, says: "If I can carry the paper (the 'Era') through the next year, I shall have no fears of its success.[1] I have written to Mr. Whittier to urge him to resume his connection with the paper. Of late, it has been merely nominal. A very little labor on his part would be of great service to me, and I shall be well able to pay him a full remuneration, I have no doubt. If you think well of this, will it be too great a favour to ask you to write to Mr. Whittier and urge or ask him to help me, etc."

I am sure you will do all you *consistently* can, to aid Mrs. Bailey. How far your health and engagements will permit you to render the assistance she desires, I am unable to say. I promised to write to you, not to "urge" you to assume any additional labor, but to say how agreeable it would be to me and to the numerous friends of Dr. Bailey and the Era, if you could resume your former position in regard to the paper. I need say no more. Mrs. Bailey is a talented woman. The doctor[2] put great confidence in her, and she has been an able assistant to him throughout

[1] The *Era* suspended March 22, 1860.

[2] Dr. Gamaliel Bailey died June 5, 1859. In the *Era*, July 7, 1859, is Whittier's tribute: —

"The future historian of the Anti-Slavery movement will find few

his editorial career. She has literary taste and qualifications, but whether her political knowledge will be sufficient to superintend the paper, time must determine.

On the whole, I think it best to enclose her note that you may see how stedfast she seems to be to her husband's principles. I hope you will give her some good advice.

Allow me to express my gratification on reading your tribute [1] to the memory of our departed friend, Sturge, in the "Independent" of last week. I read in the "Atlantic" of August, "My Psalm." [2] If you wrote that exquisite poem, I shall treasure it as one of your very best, and if some other person wrote it, I

nobler pictures for his canvas than that of the slight figure of the Anti-Slavery editor, alone with his family, unarmed and unsupported in the heart of a slave-holding city [Washington] calmly confronting an armed and excited multitude, declaring his determination to live and die a free man, and to speak and print his sentiments freely and fully, subject only to the laws of his country; and closing with an appeal, at once touching and manly, to the better natures of his opponents, until threats changed to cheers, and the really generous but misguided populace pressed towards him, not to maltreat or intimidate, but to shake the hand of a brave and honest man."

[1] "In Remembrance of Joseph Sturge," *Poems*, 199.

[2] "I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

"The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun."

"My Psalm," *Poems*, 397.

shall consider it a happy imitation of your choicest effusions.[1]

Faithfully yours,

L. TAPPAN.

I expect to be in N. Y. soon.

[1] "The practice of withholding names of contributors in the *Atlantic* continued until 1862, when the index at the end of the volume disclosed the authorship of the articles in the body of the magazine, and in 1870 the practice was begun of signing contributions." Scudder, *Lowell*, i, 422.

From SALMON P. CHASE [1]

Columbus, Nov. 23, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I missed no gloves, but presume those left at friend Sparhawk's were mine. I am gratified that you made them useful to the cause and to yourself.

We have indeed great reason to rejoice; for the power of the Slave Interest is certainly broken. What use will be made of the victory, does not so clearly appear. Some indications lead me to apprehend that the wisest and best use will not be made. Great efforts will doubtless be put forth to degrade Republicanism to the Compromise level of 1850.

There are also some serious dangers on the disunion side. I have always regarded the Slavery question as the crucial test of our institutions; and it has been my hope and prayer that a peaceful settlement of this question on the basis, first, of denationalization, and then final enfranchisement through voluntary State action, would establish beyond all dispute the superiority of free institutions, and the capacity of a free Christian people to deal with every evil and peril lying in the path of its progress.

[1] Of Chase Whittier wrote in 1873 (*Prose Works*, ii, 278): "The grave has just closed over all that was mortal of Salmon P. Chase, the kingliest of men, a statesman second to no other in our history, too great and pure for the Presidency, yet leaving behind him a record which any incumbent of that station might envy."

The letter is marked "Private and Confidential," but the occasion for such ceased long ago. It illustrates the difficult situation that had to be faced after the election of Lincoln.

To this end, all needless irritation should be carefully avoided, and much forbearance exercised. The citizens of the Free States have now to suffer injuries, when travelling or temporarily sojourning in Slave States, which, under ordinary circumstances and upon common principles, would, as between independent sovereignties, justify extreme measures. If extreme measures are not resorted to, it is because the people of the Free States love the Union and prefer to forbear. And this is right.

On the other hand, however, the Slave States have, regarding matters from their standpoint, some just causes of complaint. The slaveholders undoubtedly think that they have a right to take their slaves, as property, into the territories and be protected in holding them by Federal power, and nearly all jurists and statesmen, North and South, are agreed that the Fugitive Servant Clause of the Constitution entitles them to have their fugitive slaves delivered up on claim. The Republicans insist, however, that the first demand is not well founded in the Constitution, while some propose what they call a reasonable Fugitive Act in satisfaction of the second, and others, still, refuse to have anything to do with the returning of fugitives, Constitution or no Constitution.

Now two facts seem clear to me; first, that the Constitution was intended to create, and fairly construed, does create an obligation, so far as human compacts can, to surrender fugitives from service; and secondly, that in the progress of civilization and Christian humanity it has become impossible that this obligation shall be fulfilled. With my sentiments and convictions, I could no more participate in the seizure and

surrender to slavery of a human being, than I could in cannibalism. Still there stands the compact: and there in the Slave States are fellow citizens, who verily believe otherwise than I do, and who insist on its fulfilment and complain of bad faith in its nonfulfilment: and in a matter of compact I am not at liberty to substitute my convictions for theirs.

What then to do? Just here it seems to me that the principle of compensation may be admitted. We may say, true there is the compact — true, we of the Free States cannot execute it — but we will prove to you that we will act in good faith by redeeming ourselves through compensation from an obligation which our consciences do not permit us to fulfil. Mr. Rhett of S. C. once very manfully denounced the Fugitive Act as unconstitutional, but still insisted on the Constitutional obligation which he summed up in these words "Surrender or Pay." Now, if we say we cannot surrender, but we will pay, shall we not command the highest respect for our principles, and do a great deal towards securing the final peaceful and glorious result which we all so much desire?

There would be some difficulties of detail, if the principle were adopted; but none insuperable.

There is still another plan of adjustment which might be adopted, though I fear that, in the Slave States, and perhaps in the Free States, it would meet with greater objection. It would consist in amendments of the Constitution by which the Slave States would give up the Fugitive Slave Clause altogether, and the Free States would agree to a representation in Congress of the whole population, abrogating the three fifths rule. One advantage of this would be that the

Constitution would be freed from all discriminations between persons, and would contain nothing which could, by any implication, be tortured into a recognition of Slavery. Will you think over these matters carefully and give me your ideas upon them?

I have written in much haste, but I think you will understand me. What I have written is too crudely expressed for any but friendly eyes; and I hope that you will let nobody see this letter, except if you think fit, our friend Sparhawk and your sister.

Affectionately and faithfully yours,

S. P. Chase.

John G. Whittier

From CHARLES SUMNER

Senate Chamber.
5th Feb. '61.

MY DEAR WHITTIER:

I deplored S's speech,[1] 1st and 2nd. The first he read to me, and I supplicated him not to make it. The true-hearted here have been filled with grief and mortification.

People are anxious to save our forts, to save our Nat. Capitol; but I am more anxious far to *save our principle* which leaders now propose to abandon, as Mr. Buchanan proposes to abandon Fort Sumpter! The public pride averted the latter; I hope that the public conscience may avert the former. My old saying is revived in my mind, *Backbone.* This especially is needed here. If saved, it will be by events, and not by men. The inordinate demand of the Slave States will make it next to impossible to appease them. Even compromises cannot go so far. If they asked less, we should be lost.

Pray keep Massachusetts firm and strong. She

[1] "On the 12th of January, 1861, Mr. Seward delivered in the Senate Chamber a speech on The State of the Union, in which he urged the paramount duty of preserving the Union, and went as far as it was possible to go, without surrender of principles, in concessions to the Southern party."

"Statesman, I thank thee and, if yet dissent
Mingles, reluctant, with my large content,
I cannot censure what was nobly meant."
"To William H. Seward" and note, *Poems*, 332.

must not touch a word of her Personal Liby [1] Laws. The slightest act of surrender by her would be a signal for the abasement of the Free States. God bless you!

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

[1] Laws prescribing proceedings under the Fugitive Slave Law. Governor Andrew in his inaugural, January, 1861, called attention to the comment that some provisions of Massachusetts law might be in conflict with the U. S. Constitution. Chapter 91 of the Acts of 1861, concerning habeas corpus and personal liberty, was passed in March, by which, though some modifications were made in response to the demand for amendments, the whole was strengthened and the return of fugitives made more difficult. Fortunately no occasion arose to test its provisions.

From THOMAS STARR KING[1]

San Francisco,
Feb. 27, 1862.

My dear Mr. Whittier:

All good Quakers think it wrong to resist the inward urgency and stress of the Spirit. I am so far a Quaker as to share their belief that it is sin to offer any private obstruction, either of laziness or timidity, to the impulse or voice which says "Bear witness to the truth!"

Your Port Royal poem[2] and hymn is so noble

[1] A photograph of King still hangs in the "Garden Room" at Amesbury with those of Longfellow, Beecher, Emerson, and Garrison. King (1824–1864) was minister at Hollis Street Church, Boston, 1848 to 1860, and afterwards, until his death, at San Francisco, where he was a power for the Union.

"When we say that King kept California strong for the Union, we do not mean that he simply was the eloquent voice through which the general Union sentiment found expression, but that he guided Union opinion; that he both anticipated and defended the measures which eventually made the cause of the Union successful. He became a power in California, because he had the sagacity to detect, and the intrepidity to denounce, the treason which skulked under loyal phrases and catch-words; and his influence was measured, not by his bursts of declamatory eloquence on the blessings of union, but by the skill with which he took the people, as it were, out of the hands of disloyal politicians, and induced them to give their vigorous support to the administration of the National government." — Introduction by E. P. Whipple to *Substance and Shadow*, by T. S. King.

[2] "At Port Royal," Whittier, *Poems*, 337, and "Mason and Slidell, a Yankee Idyl," Lowell, *Poems*, 228, were both in the *Atlantic*, February, 1862.

and sweet that everybody, who has been as deeply moved by it as I have, ought to thank you, even at the risk of offending you by intrusive compliment. But the edge of the Pacific is so far off that we can take liberties, knowing that the blush does n't come till four weeks after the offence.

I have seen, with joy here, the response to your hymn, and in quarters which prove to us that we live in a different moral stratum from our abode of two years ago. I have read it to several friends who were fitly moved, showing that the air of civilization extends as far West now as California. But what do you say to the news that U. S. officials, not knowing the author, have come to me to ask who could have written it, and to say that they had *copied it and committed it to memory?* Such is the fact. Our Postmaster here repeats a verse every time I go into his office. Our Collector delights in it; and yesterday the U. S. Land Surveyor, Col. Beale, stopped me in the street, to inquire who the author was, and to say that he had written it off from memory at his official desk that day. Does not the world move? Ah, yes, and do not poets help it?

It strikes me as very singular that one number of the "Atlantic" should contain such powerful testimony to the poetic capacities of our Yankee and Negro patois as the "Idyl" by Hosea Biglow, and your poem (which I call "Habakkuk and honey") offer. Heaven preserve both our Burnses for long service, until their spirit bursts from our whole constitution and code!

I must tell you one other fact. Two or three weeks ago, there was an immense gathering in the largest hall

of our city, on the anniversary of our Orphan Asylum Association, which is supported entirely by private bounty. I delivered the address. The community had been scoured for money for the sufferers by the Sacramento flood in the interior, for whom, in four weeks, we had raised sixty thousand dollars. It was decided to take up a collection after the address, in the hope of getting three hundred dollars, the amount taken last year. I spoke forty minutes, told the people that we *must* give, even if our pockets were empty and closed with a recitation of a certain poem about Tritemius [1] of Herbipolis and the candlesticks. You might have heard the applause in Amesbury, and we took nearly *seven hundred* dollars in five minutes after the last line was read. So you are credited in heaven with a large subscription to our orphan fund.

Am I wrong in telling you these things? I don't believe it. Men ought to know when they do good. It makes them humble and grateful.

What is to be the issue of our victories? I tremble lest the uncircumcised triumph still in the settlement. It looks to me as though the little finger of the Border State is to be thicker than our loins. But God is not to be cheated. And if our bayonets spare the slave-code, his lightning is not to be so merciful. I watch Congress now more intensely than Burnside and Halleck. Nashville has fallen; when will the Bastile fall? I have tried to do a little here for the good

[1] "The Gift of Tritemius," *Poems*, 54; the first of Whittier's contributions to the *Atlantic*. King knew that Whittier would remember a previous occasion when King had read most effectively the long poem, "The Panorama" (*Poems*, 323), at the opening of a lecture course in Tremont Temple, Boston, in the exciting days of 1856.

cause. But you poets are the statesmen now. God bless all of you, and *you* as you deserve! Your grateful friend,

TH. STARR KING.

I look out from my window upon hills brilliant with Spring. The green is brighter than any ever seen in New England. We take our verdure in winter.

From LYDIA MARIA CHILD[1]

Wayland, June 19th, 1864.

FRIEND WHITTIER:

I am preparing a book for the Freedmen,[2] which I hope will sow seed that will ripen into harvests, years after I am gone. *Our* literature is not adapted to their condition. I want to give them good moral instruction in a simple, attractive form; to encourage them by presenting honorable examples of what *has* been done by people of color; and to infuse kindly feelings toward their former masters.

I am desirous to insert the Christmas Hymn[3] you wrote for the freed children at Port Royal. I have hunted the newspapers for it in vain. Have you a newspaper containing it, which you could either give me, or lend me? If you have, and will send it to me,

[1] Mr. Whittier often remarked that Mrs. Child was ostracised in the early days on account of her anti-slavery principles. "No woman in this country," said he, "has sacrificed so much for principle as Mrs. Child. She gave promise in early life of great literary ability, but when she espoused the cause of the Abolitionists she found no market for her books and essays, and her praises were suddenly silenced." — Claflin, *Whittier*, 80.

[2] *Freedmen's Book* by Lydia Maria Child, 1865.

[3] "Oh, none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we!
We 're free on Carolina's shore,
We 're all at home and free."

"Hymn, sung at Christmas by the Scholars of St. Helena's Island, S. C.," *Poems*, 340.

I shall feel greatly obliged. If any word of advice occurs to you concerning the book, I should be thankful to receive it. My object is to do the poor creatures the greatest good I can. I shall take no compensation for the work I do. I shall put it to them at a low price, and give them the money, to be placed in the hands of trustees among themselves, of their own choosing, to be expended for libraries. This mode of proceeding will, I think, promote self-respect and self-reliance among them.

How sorry I was that the proposed amendment to the Constitution was defeated! Oh, that wicked Democratic Party! How heartless and unprincipled it is! It is some comfort that the Fugitive Slave Law is repealed. I am thankful to have lived to see that iniquity overturned.

I am exceedingly sorry for the course Wendell Phillips is pursuing. I think he is making a great mistake. Since Frémont has written a letter, so obviously courting the Copperheads, I don't see how he *can* stand by him. I should think the comparison between his letter and the letters of honest Abe and Andy Johnson, would put him to his thoughts. I chuckled over Andy Johnson's letter. It will delight me to have a rail-splitter for President, and a tailor for Vice President. I hope the time will come when we shall have a shoe-black for Secretary of State, and more worthy of the position than the present incumbent. I have a living *faith* in Republican Institutions.

As for Frémont, I have never *entirely* trusted him. In 1856, I wanted him to succeed, because the choice was between him and that unmitigated scoundrel, Buchanan. But Frémont's career in Mexico then

excited misgivings in my mind. He *was* a fillibuster, and one of a worse stamp than common. He went *professedly* on a scientific exploring expedition. The Mexicans treated him and his company with hospitality, kindness, and confidence; but he got up a fight with them without provocation, *before* war was declared by the government; and I have no doubt he did it in obedience to *secret* instructions from the Slave Power, who contrived the so-called Exploring Expedition as a mere farce. When he issued his Proclamation of Freedom,[1] my enthusiasm, for the first time, was kindled in his favor. But I have not liked his conduct since he was removed from that command. It has not been manly and noble. When Burnside was removed, he said, "Give me *any* situation. Let me serve my country in some *subordinate* capacity." But Frémont has been talking about his dignity and his personal piques; he has been receiving the pay of a General, and doing nothing for the country in her

[1] On the 31st of August, 1861, General Frémont, then in charge of the Western Department, issued a proclamation which contained a clause, famous as the first announcement of emancipation: "The property," it declared, "real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men." Mr. Lincoln regarded the proclamation as premature and countermanded it, after vainly endeavoring to persuade Frémont of his own motion to revoke it.

> "Thy error, Frémont, simply was to act
> A brave man's part, without the statesman's tact,
> And, taking counsel but of common sense,
> To strike at cause as well as consequence."
>
> "To John C. Frémont" and note, *Poems*, 335.

hour of extreme need. Assuredly, he is *not* a *great* man. *I* do not believe he is a *reliable* one. I do hope Wendell Phillips will face about.

If you and your sister come to Boston again, please let me know, that I may contrive to see you. With affectionate remembrance to her, I am

Your friend of old time,

L. Maria Child.

To think of a mulatto girl writing such beautiful articles for the *Atlantic Monthly!*[1] How the wheel of fortune *has* turned round!

Have you among your papers an anecdote of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who saved the life of a young Englishman, whom his followers were eager to have executed? He said, "Let us send him to his mother. His death would break her heart." I can't find the anecdote, and I want it for my book.

[1] Mrs. Child was not aware that the Christmas Hymn, above cited, had been written by Whittier at the request of Charlotte Forten, later Mrs. Francis J. Grimké, whose two articles on "Life on the Sea Islands" were then appearing in the *Atlantic*.

From THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Worcester, Mass. Oct. 10, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND:

I have often thought of writing to you, since the great event,[1] and will do so, however little I can say. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the happy hours I have spent at your house with your mother and sister and yourself. Your sister was the central figure; I never can forget her cordial kindness, nor her brilliancy in talk, nor the courage and truthfulness that gleamed behind her wildest sallies. I have often thought since, that I had scarcely met her equal in the quick interchange of salient thought. She roused and taxed my wits, I thought, more than any one I met; it needed full resources to keep up with her. I remember the peculiar dancing look in her full dark eyes and a gay little threatening motion of the head, when some bold words were coming. But it always was on the side of truth and right, everything she said, nothing that could wound. I used to wonder how she gained in her Friend's training and invalid life, that conversational *esprit* which seemed rather to suggest a French salon. I recall now the glancing way in which, with a word, she characterized certain persons in our small circle, or in the world outside, and that I have found no better formula for them since, than her stray words gave. Her few verses show the same directness and penetration. I speak of her as I

[1] Elizabeth Whittier died September 3, 1864.

saw her, knowing how limited my view was, and what other and higher attributes you knew in your long and beautiful twinship. Surely these partings, as well as these presences, enrich our life, and are as much a part of our spiritual education as any joys ; and this must add something to the thoughtful reverence with which you have always looked upon the great Beyond.

It is long since I have seen you ; not since we met here at Edward Earle's,[1] I think. I used to talk of you with that other noble and gifted friend, not long for this world I think, Charlotte Forten. There was so much in our lives in South Carolina that would have interested you ; and she did not tell in her narrative how the distrust, with which the Negroes at first regarded her, yielded to her winning ways.

My health is poor, though gaining. I was wounded, a year ago, on an expedition up the South Edisto, when we brought away 200 slaves from the rice fields. I have never been well since and have now resigned, though it is not yet accepted. We go, in about a fortnight, to take up our abode in Newport, R. I., where we expect to live ; my wife wintered there last year with great benefit ; the winter climate is so very mild. We live with the Dames, good Friends in every sense. Newport is one of the Meccas of your Society ; how pleasant it would be to us if you would come there to live. My wife desires her regard and sympathies and echoes the wish.

Ever cordially your friend,

T. W. Higginson.

[1] "Edward Earle of Worcester was the ablest and most justly influential of the Friends' Society." Higginson, *Whittier*, 121.

From DOROTHEA L. DIX[1]

Office of Women Nurses,
U. S. Hospital Service, Washington D. C.
January 12th 1865.

To J. G. WHITTIER, ESQ[r]

Sir; Lately being in Frederick City on Hospital Inspection, I learned some facts concerning "Barbara Frietchie," whose name is almost immortalized in your patriotic poem,

"Up from the meadows rich with corn";

and I obtained from a member of her family the *carte*[2] which I enclose, believing if you do not already possess it, you will be gratified to receive what is said by her friends to be a very excellent likeness.

Barbara Frietchie had not become disabled from

[1] Miss Dix (1805–1887) "refused point-blank" to acknowledge publicly that she told S. M. Felton, President of the Philadelphia and Baltimore R. R., about the plots at Baltimore against Lincoln. Acting on this information, he made the elaborate preparations which ensured Lincoln's safety on the journey from Philadelphia to Washington for his first inauguration.

During the war she served as Superintendent of Women Nurses, in which capacity her long experience in hospital work was of great use. Tiffany, *Life of Dorothea L. Dix*, 333; Nicolay and Hay, *Lincoln*, iii, xx.

[2] To one of many friends who asked him if Barbara was a myth, Whittier answered in a letter, dated October 19, 1860: "I had a portrait of the good Lady Barbara from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, whose life is spent in works of love and duty. . . ."

Pickard, *Whittier*, 458.

In *Barbara Fritchie, a Study*, by Caroline H. Dall (1892), the story of the "good lady" is given in detail. The form Fritchie accords with the inscription on her headstone.

performing many duties and pleasant offices of life, though of so advanced years. Till a few weeks before her decease, she prepared delicacies for sick soldiers in the Hospitals. Knitting was a favorite employment. Her house was a model of order, and neat habits had always characterized her domestic life. She was remarkably fond of her garden, and was singularly successful in the cultivation of flowers, of which she had the earliest and finest varieties. Indeed whenever, on festive occasions, choice flowers were in request, "Aunt Barbara's" liberal hand bestowed the most beautiful and fragrant.

She was fond of children — but she expected they should regard her orders. I fear [not any] who were unruly, or who failed to regard her cleanly scoured floors, could expect the nice cakes and apples she held in store to dispense to all "good boys and girls." She received her relatives and friends on her last birthday, presenting in the old fashion nuts, cakes and wine.

To the last, she testified in inspiring terms her abhorrence of Treason and Traitors; she walked "resting upon a staff," and carried an air of dignified venerable age, always respected. She is remembered with affection, and those who had known her intimately for half a century and more, were her most devoted friends.

I have nothing to add more of this remarkable woman, but in conclusion, I desire to express to you my sentiments of respect, and to acknowledge myself long your debtor in the instruction and enjoyment derived from your poetical books.

D. L. Dix
Superintendent
U. S. Hospital Nurses.

From OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Boston, Aug. 1st, 1865.

My dear Mr. Whittier:

Here is one of those everyday miracles, — eight pages from an *amie inconnue* who has nothing to say, except indeed in her last paragraphs, where she praises you so heartily that you must see it. When you have read it, you may return it, if you please, to go into my private collection of letters from unseen women. I suppose you are wise enough to burn yours, else you must have a mountain of them.

I write also, as I have just done to Longfellow, to ask whether you mean or not to write for something our Boston Mercantile Library Association is getting up for their fair. They tell me they have asked yourself, Longfellow, Read, Baker, Saxe and myself. I don't like such requests. I hate to dribble away what little show of thought or sentiment there may be in me. But if everybody writes, I suppose I must. I wish I were better at saying No! the hero's monosyllable.

Very truly yours,
O. W. Holmes.

Read my postscript.

I came within a hair's breadth of forgetting to say with what delight I read your poem, "The Changeling," — was it not? — the one where the mother thought her child was bewitched. I think this and "The Wreck of Rivermouth" have more atmosphere

and a tenderer light in them than anything you have written,[1] I am tempted to say, but I will not be rash. I meant to have written just after reading the "Changeling," and I am glad of a chance to tell you how sweet and tender it seems to me.

Yours again always,

O. W. Holmes.

[1] "The Changeling," *Poems*, 251, appeared in *Atlantic*, July, 1865. "The Wreck of Rivermouth," *Poems*, 245, was published in 1864.

From COLONEL JULIAN ALLEN[1]

New York, Mar. 31 66.

JNO. G. WHITTIER, Esq.,
Amesbury.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

My feelings you may better imagine than I can express them, on the receipt of a noble letter from that kind and true soul, Hon. C. M. Clay, with the welcome announcement of the gracious decision of His Majesty the Emperor Alexander, liberating my brother and allowing him to come to this country, such as has never before been shown to any other; and I shall be your debtor all the rest of my life. I positively believe that your letter to our friend Mr. Clay, did secure his full sympathy in my brother's case. I sent to you a copy of the New York Times, but the full letter of Mr. Clay was not published. As

[1] Colonel Julian Allen was a Pole of noble birth who had escaped arrest, while a student in Poland, by flight to this country, an account of which he published in *Autocrasy* [sic] *in Poland* (New York, 1854). He later married a relative of Whittier. In January, 1865, he received a formal resolution of thanks from the citizens of Savannah (War Record I. xlvii, Pt. II, 169) "for his kindness in offering to advance the funds, and to make purchases for the corporate authorities of the city of Savannah until he could be reimbursed by shipments of rice, and also for his philanthropic exertions in bringing to the notice of citizens of New York and Boston the destitute condition of our people of which he became personally cognizant while among us." He was an agent of the U. S. Treasury in Savannah. In Boston alone thirty-three thousand dollars was subscribed and a steamboat load of provisions sent.

per enclosed copy, you will see that he kindly wishes to be remembered to you and says that it gave him pleasure to oblige you. My wife joins in sending love to you. When shall we have the pleasure of seeing you at our house?

Your Friend and Servant,
JULIAN ALLEN.

Copy:

St. Petersburg,
February 1866.

TO THE MINISTER:

In reply to the letter which you addressed to me of the 2/14 of February; it becomes my duty to inform you that the petition which it contained on the subject of Sir Michel Meyendorff, having been submitted to His Majesty, the Emperor, my august master has deigned to order as a mark of exceptional favor, that the Sir Michel Meyendorff may be authorized to join his family in America.

It is a pleasure to me, M. Minister, to bring to your notice this gracious decision of His Majesty the Emperor, and I profit by this occasion to offer you the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

(Signed)
GORTCHACOV.

Copy:

St. Petersburg, Ra.
Feb. 24, 1866

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 29th Jan. ult. with the other documents in reference to your half-brother Michael

Meyendorff, were duly received, and I lost no time in bringing all my influence in my humble way, to favor your cause.

To-day Prince Gortachacov sent for me, and said as a special favour, and as an "exceptional" case, His Imperial Majesty has granted my petition for the sending of your brother to America, which will be at once done in a quiet way.

I have advanced to the Russian Government Rs500 as requested, but of my own funds, for the use of your brother and drawn upon Secretary Seward, in favour of Baring Brothers for the same. Please pay over that amount to the State Department.

Trusting, my dear sir, that your brother may soon be restored in health and safety to his family, who have in your personal devotion to our noble cause in our late war, so many claims upon my sympathies and gratitude, I am, my dear Sir,

Your friend,

(Signed) C. M. Clay.

Col. Julian Allen,
New York, U. S. A.

N. B. Please remember me to J. G. Whittier, whom with yourself it gave me great pleasure to obey in this matter.

C.

From LUCY STONE[1]

New York City, Jan. 15, '67

MR. WHITTIER,

DEAR SIR:

You know Mr. Phillips takes the ground that this is "the negroes' hour," and that the women, if not criminal, are at least, not wise to urge their own claim.

Now, so sure am I that he is mistaken and that the only name given, by which this country *can* be saved, is that of Woman, that I want to ask you (if you agree with me) to use your influence to induce him to reconsider the position he has taken.

He is the only man in the nation, to whom has been given the charm which compels all men, willing or unwilling, to listen when he speaks. That such a man at such an hour, should consent to narrow the application of a universal principle to a single class, must be because the Fiend who desires the ruin of the country has blinded his eyes, until he believes, or thinks he does, that the nation's peril can be averted, if it can be induced to accept the poor "half loaf" of

[1] "One of the early Anti-Slavery orators was Lucy Stone. She was the editor of the Woman's Journal. She was an eloquent speaker and charmed her audiences. One evening in Western New York, I took a Democratic lawyer to hear her. As we were leaving the hall at the close of the meeting, my friend turned toward the platform, where Miss Stone was still standing, and said in a dazed sort of way: 'Little lady, I do not believe in your doctrines, but God made you an orator.'"

Stanton, *Recollections*, 6.

justice for the negro, which is poisoned by its lack of justice for every woman in the land. Mr. Phillips *used* to say "take your part with the perfect and abstract right, and trust God to [see] that it shall prove the expedient." Now he needs some one to help him to that high point again. I know that he has great personal love for you, and respect for your opinions, and because he has, you may be the "Good Fairy," who can help him to his proper self. Will you not try? Very respectfully,

Lucy Stone.

From CELIA THAXTER[1]

Appledore, March 12th, [1867].

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I wonder if you know the aspect of Appledore at this unmitigated time of year! The sky is like a cover of tin, the sea is leaden, the rocks are iron, the snow lies ghastly white in patches, and out of the bitter east there blows a wind of despair. Now and then a coaster creeps along the shore, with dark and weather-beaten sails, or a little boat scuds past towards Portsmouth with a "fare of fish" to dispose of, or a lonely bird flies over, — nothing else living breaks the monotony. Indoors, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, the little golden fishes are graceful and bright in their transparent globe, the fire burns clear. My Vikings come and go, and I love the sight of their ruddy cheeks, and yellow beards more than tongue can tell.

[1] Mrs. Thaxter was an especially welcome correspondent of Whittier's. He wrote her, 8th mo, 8, 1867: "It is to sheer kindness of heart, my dear friend, that I owe thy pleasant letters so vividly representing life at the Shoals. They are wonderfully hospitable letters — they give me the freedom of the island. I sit by thy parlor fire in the stormy nights; I see the tossing boats in the little harbor; the islands ringed round with foam; I feel the spray as it tosses up through cleft and gorge; and I hear thee telling stories to the young folks, and half fancy myself a boy among them, nestling close to thee, with 'not unpleasant horror' as the tragedy deepens. It 's all very nice, but it puzzles me to know why I am favored in this way. There must be some mistake; I am getting what don't really belong to me."

Pickard, *Whittier*, 524.

I sit by my mother's side and run the swift sewing-machine, and cut and fit and finish work in piles. I have been here nearly a fortnight and I think the sun has faintly smiled once during that time; verily "an under-roof of doleful gray." Mr. Tennyson was not referring to *our* spring when he said, "When through wild March the throstle calls." I should like to see the throstle that would dare "— the winter's lingering chill — the mocking spring's perpetual cross." I think so! "perpetual"; but I never used to mind, and found as much delight in the leaden sea as I do now in the divinest summer blue.

Oh, when the south-west winds begin to blow, how all this will change! What a melting haze will steal down from Cape Ann and softly girdle the whole round horizon with a band of tender color, and how gracious and genial the world will look! And from this scanty soil will spring such flowers as the mainland never sees. "Violets, dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," so large and deeply colored and nearly all the "darlings of the spring," beside, only lovelier far than the flowers of the mainland. And the curlews will pipe and the sandpipers call clear from cove to cove along the shore, the sea will be alive with water fowl and the rocks with land birds. How curious it is that so many land birds find their way here and rest here for so long! That so many butterflies and caterpillars and snakes do abide here! Cedric has seen snakes floating on driftwood out on the mid-sea.

Did I ever tell you about the ball of fire that pursued a boat against the wind from Portsmouth? I believe I did. It is a queer story and the landsmen who

were being conveyed to Appledore in that boat were reliable people.

Yesterday, several Star islanders, lean, brown, dry and wiry as their own salt fish, came over and announced that a strange yawl-boat had been tossed ashore among the tumbling breakers on their island, and straightway the eastern "coast" of Appledore was scoured for any trace of wreck, and anxious eyes sought afar off on the dim and misty sea for any sign of dismantled vessel, but there was none to be seen.

Did I ever tell you of the musical accomplishments of the Star islanders? Their singing is something truly astonishing, indeed, I might say, excruciating. They go at it precisely as if they were sawing wood, and grind out the sounds with such exertion that their faces become crimson and the perspiration stands in beads upon their foreheads. Fortunately there are not many gifted with this divine capacity. And they do so twist and turn the King's English that an interpreter is absolutely necessary.

An individual, John Caswell by name, who is at present at the head of the "singers" of Star, occasionally comes over here, and of course he expects to be asked to sing, and he does sing, screwing his eyelids tight together and gesticulating in a way which is uncanny, and perfectly ridiculous to behold. One of his favorite songs begins in this style, so he renders it,

"Down by some spe-cious medder-land abroad as I did roam,
I sat me down, for pleasure, upon a moss-grown stone."

You would hardly recognize "spacious meadow-land" —his accent on the *spe* is delicious.

Another one begins

"In famous London City, luv, a damsel there did dwell,
With fairy form and features, luv, she was called the Giniwy Quin."

Why she was called the Genoa Queen this deponent saith not, and as she lived in famous London City, I don't see why she should have rejoiced in that title. If I only could give you the preposterous air of this song! The dragging of some words and the clipping of others,—it has the most absurd effect.

One doleful ballad tells the tale of a broken-hearted youth who fell in love with his mother's handmaid, Betsy, and his mother, being angry thereat, sent Betsy over seas, whereupon

"O, he fell sick and like to have died,
His mother round his sick-bed cried,
But all her crying, it was in vain,
For Betsy was aploughing the raging main."

By the way, the dear little song from Orr's island, I set to one of the most melodious and melancholy of the Star tunes and my brothers like it so much they keep me singing it continually, [and call,] "Now, sister, The morning star was shining still,"—half a dozen times in a day. I brought down your book with me and we have all had such a good time together over it! It is funny. I left my boys singing about the house,

"Fast as she prayed and faster still
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill,"

and Oscar and Cedy go humming about the house the same lines—there is a kind of fascination in the grim fate, I suppose. . . .

Thursday.

Dear friend, I have written this letter by fits, as I got time. I'm afraid it won't be easy to read, or worth reading. The wind continues to howl, but now it comes from the (equally) bitter north and "gusty grows the sea" with streaks of cold green in the leaden gray. If it relents sufficiently, I shall send across to Portsmouth next Monday, and betake myself to my nest and the birds that wait my coming with longing. I have got such a houseful of boys! I wish I had three or four daughters or sisters or something of the sort. But then I dare say they (the boys) would not consider me so precious a household commodity as now they do, if the feminine element were more extensive.

I think I am half asleep! Do please pardon this untidy and incoherent epistle. Good night, and God bless and keep you always, most dear and precious friend. With loving reverence

Yours ever,

C. T.

From JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT

Dear Mr Whittier :

Something pleased us all very much yesterday, and I know you will be gratified by hearing of it. This was, as you know my home, for at least every winter, all my life, until I was "put into Coventry" after '56. But old servants always come about me when I return here, and call me still "Miss Jessie," as they did when I was a girl. My mother and father not only gave freedom to all their own slaves, employing such as wished to stay on wages, but they employed free people, giving them a helping hand in their family cares and building up good will toward us, that I feel [sad] now, when of all our family, and of all our large circle of family connections and friends I alone am the one remaining here. It is very seldom I come to Washington; lately I 've been with my oldest boy who has just passed his examination at the Naval School, but when I do come it is only from dusky faces that I find the old greeting.

Yesterday being the Fourth, our landlord (who is colored, as are all his employees, and it is confessedly the best kept house in Washington) brought in a little orator who is the pet of the colored schools. (In these schools are some eleven thousand children). This child of twelve recited "Sheridan's Ride" in so true and beautiful a voice, and with such natural power and beauty of expression, that we were charmed, and not less so when Wormly told us he might be called

one of our family, for he was the child of one of our best servants — one of a family of twenty-three. The mother is very alert and full of work, and comes daily to see after my comfort, although it is so many years now since any of us lived here. This child is named for her favorite nursling, the Rev.d M.r Eliot of St. Louis, and is a most promising child every way.

But my long introduction leads to this, that when I told the child to recite something else that he liked best, and something he had learned by himself, then he smiled up at me and began your "Barbara Frietchie." He has as strong natural dramatic voice and countenance as Dickens. He has seen troops march past "all day long," and who of us can tell what that flag has been to his color. It made my heart swell with thankfulness to feel we had had a part in this work. Was it not a truer keeping of the Fourth to hear this battle hymn to our flag recited by the little colored boy who under it had gained the right to use his talents, than to keep it as New York kept it?

You can never know the aid you were in this war. I have had to thank you for strength given to my Chief and to me,[1] and now I know it will please you to see how you are dear and familiar to those who, until so lately, had to stand dumb as sheep before the shearer, but who now have an equal right to education and all it brings. We will be travelling near you in a few weeks, and if you are at home, we will come again

[1] Whittier by his pen had actively supported Frémont for the presidency in 1856, as in "The Pass of the Sierras," *Poems*, 321, "A Song inscribed to the Frémont Clubs," *Poems*, 323, and others. The approval in "To John C. Frémont" was especially welcome (ante, p. 148, note).

to see you, and meantime the General and my daughter join me in affectionate respects to you, dear M^r^ Whittier.

Jessie B. Frémont.

Washington City, July 5^th^ [1868]
(at Wormly's)

From CHARLES SUMNER

Coolidge House,[1]
13th Novbr [1868]

My dear Whittier:

Last evening I was told that you were in Boston and to be found at the Marlboro House.[2] I hurried there at once, and was pained to learn that you had left for home. This was hard for me, for I longed to see you.

Why did you not let me know of your visit? It would have been pleasant to review our doings and note the great progression of events; and I wished also to look with you at the future and compare the destinies as we each see them.

I confess my anguish when I think of the rebel States and the brutalities to which good people are exposed. Opportunity has been sacrificed during the last four years. I hope we can recover it. Can we? Under proper influences those States could have been

[1] In Bowdoin Square, Boston, nearly opposite the Revere House, where Sumner lived after his home on Hancock Street was broken up, his mother having died in 1866, and his attempt at establishing a home of his own having been of short duration.

[2] The Marlboro House, Washington Street, between Winter and Bromfield Streets, was a favorite place with reformers for years. The reason may be discerned in an advertisement of it in the *Liberator*, July, 1837: "Efforts will be made to furnish the table with the products of free labor, and provision will also be made for those who prefer vegetable diet. Religious worship will be regularly maintained every day, and as far as possible to prevent, no company will be received or bills settled on the Sabbath. No smoking allowed. . . ."

moulded into Republican Commonwealths where every man should enjoy equal rights. But they have been hardened and bedevilled.

Hope you are well, dear Whittier, and happy. Except in my throat I am reasonably well; but there is very little happiness for me. This is my lot and I try to bear it.

I am very sorry to have missed you.

Good bye.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

From OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Boston Oct. 17th 1869.

My dear Whittier:

I find the poem[1] very musical, tender, charming. I do not find anything forced or fantastic in the parallel between the two incidents. I suppose by your note that was what you feared, and I understand very well how you might wish to know the way in which it would strike another. I assure you, I never should have made the criticism which you apprehend, nor do I believe that others would have made it. I must find something to criticise, of course, or you will think me of no account whatever as an Aristarchus.[2]

"Flowery rounds"[3] is not quite so musical as some of your other endings, but it is hard to find two better words, perhaps, on the whole.

"Danite athlete"[4] is open to the same slight objec-

[1] "The Hive at Gettysburg," *Poems*, 348, was suggested by an incident after the battle. Bees filled a "shattered drum" with honey, and a friend, finding it, sent a piece of the comb to Whittier.

[2] "Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy."

Lowell, *Poems*, 167.

[3] "Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain bounds,
A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive where, on their flowery rounds,
The wild bees go and come."

[4] As now printed: —

"From Treason's death we draw a purer life,
As, from the beast he slew,
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew!"

tion — that it repeats two very similar sounds. Each is the right word, probably the best word that can be found, yet the two together stuff the mouth with consonants — ds and ts — a little fuller than suits the ear.

These are not my criticisms, but my hypercriticisms. I have a dyspeptic ear which often insists on liquids, where a better aural or acoustic digestion would like more solid substance. So do not mind the two trivial comments, which are not meant to detract anything from my verdict on the poem as a very beautiful and admirable one.

I enclose you some verses[1] of my own which will appear in the next Atlantic, — until which time they are of course private — which you will read I know, and I hope like well enough in their way, but which you must not trouble yourself to acknowledge.

Always faithfully yours,

O. W. Holmes.

[1] "Bonaparte, Aug. 15, 1769 — Humboldt, Sept. 14, 1769," dated at Boston, Sept. 14, 1869; in *Atlantic*, Nov., 1869.

To —— (a Quaker)

Amesbury, 26, 2*d Mo*, 1870.

DEAR FRIEND:

Thy kind letter of unity and sympathy with my letter [1] to the "Review" has been received. I wrote as I felt, and perhaps with some degree of plainness, but with no wish to censure or injure the feelings of those who differ from me. If I know myself, I would far rather endure wrong myself than inflict it on others. I do not and dare not set myself up as a rebuker of my brethren; but I did feel as if it would be right to express my deep conviction that the standard of ancient Quakerism is the truth, and that nothing can be gained by departing from it. If our friends out West are doing good, I rejoice in it; if men are brought to repentance and faith in our Divine Lord in Methodist or Calvinistic meetings, I am glad and thankful. But, for myself, unworthy as I feel that I am, I feel that my place is in the old paths; I cannot walk freely in the new and I only ask that charity and forbearance, which I willingly accord to others who do not see as I do, but who are zealous and earnest in their labors.

[1] This, with another to the *Friends Review*, Whittier reprinted in his *Prose Works*, iii, 305, with this comment:—

"The following letters were addressed to the Editor of the Friends Review in Philadelphia, in reference to certain changes of principle and practice in the Society then beginning to be observable, but which have since more than justified the writer's fears and solicitude."

Colonel Higginson, *Whittier*, 121, says the best impression of Whittier's relation with the Society of Friends is to be found in these two letters.

I would not for the world put any stumbling block in the way of others who feel that they are called in another direction. We must learn to bear with one another; we have had too many separations already, and I hope I may be preserved from any act or word which can tend to division, or strife and hard feeling. I feel a strong assurance that our Society has yet a great work to do. I may not live to see it, but I rejoice in the hope. The present time is one of unrest and disquiet — but who knows but that the waters are troubled for our healing?

Some of us may have erred on the right hand, and some on the left; and this shaking of the balance may adjust it.

With love to thyself and wife, I am affectionately thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER

I had a sweet letter from dear, old Josiah Foster the other day. He is, I believe, 88 years old.

W.

From PAUL H. HAYNE[1]

"*Copse Hill*," *Geo. R. Road*,
16 *miles from Augusta*,
March 23rd, 1870.

My Dear Mr. Whittier:

I cannot resist the warm impulse which prompts me to thank you for your letter — so quaintly kind — which I have just recd.

I am proud and glad to think that the little versified story of "Dophles" seems to have interested you, but the genial words you have written concerning my friend, my more than brother, Henry Timrod, have impressed me yet more profoundly.

Indeed he was a man of exquisite and delicate genius, who after a comparatively short life of constant pain, privation, and suffering, was inexpressibly rejoiced to obey the call of the Master, and to pass where,

"Beyond these voices there is peace!"

All his poems have been left in my hands, and

[1] In replying to the charge of a Southern paper that he was an enemy of the South, Whittier once wrote to a friend: "I was never an enemy to the South or the holders of slaves. I inherited from my Quaker ancestry hatred of slavery, but not of slaveholders. To every call of suffering or distress in the South I have promptly responded to the extent of my ability. I was one of the very first to recognize the rare gift of the Carolinian poet, Timrod, and I was the intimate friend of the lamented Paul H. Hayne, though both wrote fiery lyrics against the North. I am sure no one rejoices more heartily than I do at the prosperity of the Southern States." Pickard, *Whittier*, 502.

already I have his memoir (a very brief and simple one), prepared, together with his poems, as I am sure he would have liked them arranged; — but alas! for two years and upwards, my earnest efforts to procure a publisher, North and South, have wretchedly failed.

I can only wait, and hope![1] My disappointment is the sorer on this topic, because Timrod left an impoverished family behind him, and I did trust it might be in my power to bring them something from the proceeds of his book.

You have characterized his later poems with discriminating taste. Of course, you will comprehend that in his war verses etc., there is no real malignity. A kinder-hearted being never existed.

Perceiving the interest you manifest in his works, I venture to enclose some memorial rhymes, which at least came spontaneously from the heart. I may have enclosed them previously, but I think not. A couple of other trifles accompany them.

From the bottom of my soul I echo your wish that henceforth all jealousies, all unworthy prejudices may be annihilated, between North and South.

As for Literature, it has no sections. Like God's beneficent sky, the fair world of Art is broad enough to comprehend and cover us all!

And thus, from these barren pine-woods, I, the humblest among our singers, can stretch forth warm hands of cordiality and love towards you — among our most illustrious — feeling sure that I shall meet with the electric touch of sympathy.

The spring is just beginning to show her archly

[1] *The Poems of Henry Timrod;* Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life, by Paul H. Hayne. New York, E. J. Hale & Son, 1873.

beautiful face in our forests and gardens. From the latter I pluck a few violets, which please accept as emblems of good will and friendship, from yours faithfully,

PAUL H. HAYNE.

From PAUL H. HAYNE

"*Copse Hill*" (*near Augusta, Geo.*)
April 22nd, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR:

You are very kind in inviting me again. I thank you for it. And also, I must gratefully acknowledge the reception of your little volume "Among the Hills." There is a subdued beauty of thought and fancy in this book, a tenderness of sentiment, wedded to imagination which time and grief have evidently chastened, the general effect whereof is to the last degree, soothing and sweet. I have found it a consoling work. The special poem from which your volume takes its title, reminded me, from the metre chosen, of Wordsworth's celebrated lines on "Yarrow Revisited." I've compared the two pieces, and honestly, I prefer, greatly prefer, "Among the Hills." In the first place, the art of the latter is more complete, and it possesses a sounder body of thought. Regarded simply in a picturesque point of view, it is richer in coloring, and more suggestive. And running thro the simple narrative, like tangles of gold thro a silver woof, are such lines as,

> "For still in mutual sufferance lies
> The secret of true living;
> *Love scarce is love, that never knows*
> *The sweetness of forgiving!*" [1]

A deep truth, exquisitely embodied!

[1] "Among the Hills," *Poems*, 89.

Ah, dear sir, when the final shadows gather about us all, you ought gratefully and gladly to reflect that your poetry has been the means of teaching thousands of untutored hearts, of consoling the sufferer, and bringing light to the doubter; of in fact, purifying and elevating your fellow-creatures, as genuine poetry always ought to purify and elevate. A commonplace verity, perhaps, but are we not disposed now-a-days to forget it?

The Baudelaires, and Swinburnes, chanting the praises of Annihilation and the "Conqueror Worm," may be men of genius, and splendid imagination, but with all my heart, and soul, and strength, do I detest and abhor their abominable philosophy, and their apotheosis as it were, of the principle of decay, rottenness and corruption!!

"Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night!"

is the refrain which seems to me to run thro all of Swinburne's verses, which magnificent as they are (artistically), depress and weigh down my spirit, whenever I am tempted to read them.

But I've no intention of beguiling you into a correspondence that might prove hurtful to your health; therefore, with repeated thanks for your kindness and consideration, I remain, dear sir,

Always faithfully
Paul H. Hayne

From CHARLES SUMNER

Washington, 16th June '72.

MY DEAR WHITTIER:

With gladness I welcome your friendly hand.[1]

I am at a loss to understand where my speech[2] is too severe. Mr. W. I. Bowditch calls it "forbearing." I intended it to be so.

The President's conduct can be adequately presented only in severe language. Since the Crime against Kansas, we have heard nothing like it. Such injustice to a people, and to individuals. Such heartlessness, such insensibility to the requirements of his post, such an evil example must be exposed. I should have been faithless, had I failed to do it.

That people can hesitate to condemn such conduct attests the general demoralization, and the insensibility to virtue. But it is Party which does the mischief. As head of the Party he dictates and the multitude *crouch*. So it looks.

Amidst these heats I long for the salt air which you breathe. Good bye!

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER

[1] Whittier's letter to Sumner, Appendix K, p. 282.

[2] The full title of the speech in the U. S. Senate, May 31, 1872, as given in Sumner's *Works*, XV, 83–171, is: Republicanism *vs.* Grantism; the Presidency a Trust, not a Plaything; Personal Government and Presidential Pretensions; Reform and Purity in Government.

From CHARLES SUMNER

Washington, 11th, Aug. '72.

My dear Whittier:

I have not read Mr. Garrison's letter.[1] Some one said it was unkind, and I made up my mind at once not to read it, and of course never to answer it. I never allowed myself to have controversy with him in other days, when we differed on methods, because I knew he was earnest against slavery. I shall join in no controversy now.

Never have I acted more absolutely under the mandate of duty, not to be disobeyed, than in my present course. Profoundly convinced of Grant's unfitness, and feeling that a man like Greeley President, would make an epoch for humanity, I could not resist the opportunity, especially when Democrats took him as their candidate, and pledged themselves to all that is contained in the Cincinnati Platform. From the beginning, while insisting upon all possible securities and safeguards, I have pleaded for "*reconciliat.*" This is

[1] Sumner had written a long letter urging the colored voters to support Greeley as against Grant. This brought from Garrison a strong rejoinder on Grant's behalf. Whittier was then appealed to by a committee of colored voters, who were perplexed by such contradictory advice from those whom they trusted. His reply, dated 9th mo. 3, 1872 (*Prose Works*, iii, 161), was not conclusive. He discussed the public services and the political affiliations of each candidate, but as to the choice between Grant and Greeley he said, "I am willing, for one, to leave my colored fellow citizens to the unbiased exercise of their own judgment and interests in deciding between them."

the word which recurs constantly in my speeches. The South insisted that I was revengeful. Never. And now the time has come for her to show the mood in which I acted. This is a painful experience. But we are not choosers in this world. Certainly I did not choose this.

I wish we could meet all this hot summer I have passed here, but expect to be in Boston Wednesday.

God bless you !

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER

From CELIA THAXTER

Pepperell House, Kittery.
Thursday morning before breakfast [1873].

DEAR FRIEND:

We had a glorious day yesterday, and wished you had been with us all the time, and yet we thought it might have been too much for your strength, and that after all, you were wisest, but you would so have enjoyed it!

In the first place, the Lord provided such a day! perfectly regardless of expense, with mountains of delicate cloud piled in the blue of the north, and soft shifting films to draw delicious shadow, now and then, across the turquoise color of the quiet sea. And toward sunset all things grew golden in stillness, all the green of fields and woods so mellow, the glassy water took on tender rose, and presently out of the grey-purple of the east rolled up the full moon, like a great copper shield. And then the northern lights began, in banks of emerald light, that sent up changing streamers and hung out weird banners. Our cups were filled as full as they could hold; we were glad at last to close our eyes on beauty and lose the power of receiving another impression.

We started about ten o'clock, while yet the dew sparkled, and drove though *such* woods and fields and flowers! Annie [Fields] and I grew quite beside ourselves at last, and made Mr. Safford get out and gather for us the exquisite sun-dew along the road-

side, and the pink fragrant arethusa that flushed the meadows and filled the air with its sweet breath.

I can't begin to tell you all we did, but about the middle of the day we found ourselves at a wonderful ancient house, almost at the edge of the sea; such an exquisite place! just opposite the Shoals. The house was two hundred and eighteen years old; the old people were nice, charming and kind. We took our lunch there; we examined the cabinet of antique papers and the famous signatures. The old lady gave James T. [Fields] Sir W^m^ Pepperell's signature, with which he was delighted. I could n't tell you half the things we saw!

In the afternoon, we drove on to "Brave Boat Harbor." We stopped at the little grave yard close to the sea, where Sir Francis Champernoon sleeps under his pile of stones, with the roses breathing over him. Then I lay down in the sweet grass, the better to decipher this epitaph, wrung out of a suffering heart.

In this dark silent mansion of the dead
A lovely mother and sweet babe are laid.
Of every virtue of her sex possest,
She charmed the world and made her husband blest.
Of such a wife, O righteous heaven! bereft,
What joy for me, what joy on earth is left?
Still from my inmost soul the groans arise,
Still flow the sorrows ceaseless from mine eyes.
But why these sorrows so profusely shed?
They may *add* to, but cannot raise the dead.
I soon shall follow that same dreary way
That leads and opens to the coasts of day,
Then clasp them both upon the happy shore,
And bliss shall join, nor death shall part us more.

"Mary Chauncy wife of Chas. Chauncy and daughter to the Hon. Richard Cutt, died April 23^{d} 1758 in the 24th year of her age (how young, poor thing!) with her infant son Charles Chauncy."

Well, there was a deal of sorrow in that little graveyard a hundred and twenty years ago, or thereabouts. I suppose good Mr. Charles Chauncy got him another wife in the course of another year,[1] but his grief was none the less real then, and touches us now profoundly, speaking through a century's dust.

Driving back, we went to see the Lady Pepperell's house, where Aunt Sally Cutts lives all alone, "a bent and blear-eyed poor old soul" indeed. The faded grandeur of the place was very impressive. I believe if Aunt Sally had been away, James T. [Fields] would have bought the place on the spot, and still think he may do so. We strayed into another grave yard close by, such a fascinating place! The river running softly just below and a tangle of wild greenery above and all about. I took the epitaph from the grave of a woman whose body was picked up on the shore after ship-wreck:—

> I lost my life on the raging seas,
> A Sovreign God does as he please!
> The Kittery friends they did appear,
> And my remains they buried here.

Newcastle, Friday morning. We came here yesterday, and I parted from the Fields in the afternoon. What

[1] Charles Chauncy (1728–1809) married, second, Joanna Gerrish, July 1, 1760. They had twelve children and both died in the same year 1809, after a married life of forty-nine years.

Fowler, *Memorials of the Chaunceys* (1858), 71.

a good time we have had together! And now I cannot get away from these blessed people here, as I proposed, to-day, back to the Shoals, but must wait till to-morrow, lucky to get off then! I long to be back again, though it is *enchanting* here,[1] more delicious than I can tell you, and these two united families with the little children are so happy here. Always, of course, they miss that beautiful creature who died this spring, Mr. Albee's wife; it gives a tender touch of pathos to all the beauty of every day. Last night my host drew me out of the vine-hung doorway to see the slow moonrise, directly in front of the house behind the Shoals. The glory grew and across the still water lay a golden path nearly to our feet. We talked softly of that dear vanished spirit. It does the poor lonely fellow so much good to speak a little.

Will you not tell me how you got home? I hope my letter won't be tedious. Will you give it a welcome, I wonder? Good bye. Much love to the girls.

Ever truly,

C. T.

[1] Jaffrey Cottage, Newcastle, N. H., the home of John Albee, author of *History of Newcastle, Reminiscences of Emerson*, and others, where at this time was also the family of Rev. James De Normandie, then of Portsmouth, now of Roxbury.

From PAUL H. HAYNE

Augusta, March 19th, 1874.

My dear Mr Whittier:

And so, your friend[1] is dead; gone — who can doubt it? — to "the land o' the leal!" Some of Mr Sumner's political acts have borne, we can't disguise this truth, terrible fruits of anarchy, disorganization, woe, and even bloodshed, here at the South; but I am not so narrow minded as to fail in due respect for one, who whatever, in my humble view, might be his errors as a statesman, must, from all accounts, have been a sincere, generous-hearted, upright gentleman.

One act even of his political life, is regarded by every impartial mind in this section as specially noble and magnanimous; I refer to his effort to have erased from the regimental battle flags of the Northern soldiery, all inscriptions alluding to the fratricidal strifes of the past.[2] Yes! that was a grand deed; an action of Roman-like dignity and virtue; and perhaps, it will stand clearly and brightly forth upon the records of the fu-

[1] Sumner died March 11, 1874.

[2] The resolution, introduced by Sumner in the U. S. Senate, Dec. 18, 1872, declared that "the names of battles with our fellow citizens shall not be continued in the army register, or placed upon the regimental colors of the United States." The General Court of Massachusetts on the last day of a special session, called in consequence of the Boston Fire, passed a resolve declaring that "such legislation meets the unqualified condemnation of the people of this Commonwealth." Whittier undertook, the records show, to have this action reversed, and though he failed in 1873, he was successful in 1874.

ture, when his speeches are but matter of tradition, and the very place of his sepulture may furnish a theme for antiquarian speculation.

Meanwhile, if the news of his decease has provoked some bitter, and most unseemly comments in Southern journals, there can be no question that upon the whole, they have endeavored to be, at least, moderate, and to respect the wise antique proverb, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" For the bitterness of a few, endeavor to find some excuse.

Call upon the resources of your vivid imagination and "put yourself in these men's places." The point of view in such matters is everything.

How lonely, after all, does Sumner's death appear. No loving wife near to wipe his clammy brow, and to receive his latest glances of trust and affection; no children to reverently close his eyes! Ah! my friend! what is mortal fame, compared with the unforced assiduities of domestic attachment! We come into this world out of mystery and darkness; we succeed in creating a name, which oblivion (after a few years, more or less), effectually wipes out, or, at best, reduces to the echo of an echo; "*vox et preterea nihil*"! And in making that name, perchance, the flowers of household love refuse to bloom about our pathway, — and instead we gain what? — the "most sweet voices" of the "great unwashed" — the applause of creatures, who misunderstand our motives, and commend us where we hardly deserve commendation, abusing and reviling us, when we are purest, noblest, most self-sacrificing! "A sorry world, my Masters!"

Among Mr. Sumner's pall bearers, I observe your name, and that of Emerson. By the way, in regard

to the latter, did you read the foul abuse of him, published in the "N Y. World," or "Tribune," this abuse being the substance of a communication from Swinburne?

Please tell Mr. Emerson, that but one feeling of intense disgust, has greeted the appearance of that infamous letter, South, no less than North.

Was ever such mean arrogance, such maudlin impudence, such colossal conceit obtruded before, upon the public view? The miserable scamp! Why his name ought to be spelt Swine-burn!

Were I a young man, a relative of Emerson's and near to this dog — I 'm afraid I should be tempted to thrash him within an inch of his filthy life. But, of course, the old philosopher will take no notice of such an assault!

I 've just sent to "*Old and New*" a little poem dedicated to yourself. I trust Hale may accept it. In that case, it will follow a similar poem to Longfellow.[1]

Believe me always most
Faithfully y'r friend
PAUL H. HAYNE.

[1] "H. W. Longfellow," by Paul H. Hayne, is in *The Old and New*, April, 1874; Edward Everett Hale was the editor.

From HENRY W. LONGFELLOW[1]

Nahant, Aug. 7, 1874.

My dear Whittier:

Will your love for Sumner and your regard for his memory, and the desire that nothing unworthy may be said of him, induce you to undertake his biography?

This is an abrupt question: but nothing of urgency can be added to it, except perhaps the sincere wishes of M[r] Balch, M[r] Pierce and myself that you would consent.

Please take the matter into consideration, and see whether your health and other things permit.

Always yours sincerely

Henry W. Longfellow.

[1] Sumner bequeathed to H. W. Longfellow, F. V. Balch, and E. L. Pierce, as trustees, "all his papers, manuscripts and letter books, to do with them what they think best; with power to destroy them, to deposit them in some public library, or to make extracts for publication."

Longfellow appreciated Sumner's purpose, for in April, directly after the probate of the will, he wrote, "Who shall write the life of Sumner?" (Samuel Longfellow, *Longfellow*, 211.) The life in four volumes was written by Edward L. Pierce, and the mass of letters, 170 volumes, was deposited by Mr. Pierce's family in the Library of Harvard College.

From FELLOW TOWNSMEN OF AMESBURY[1]

FRIEND WHITTIER:

In deference to your well-known aversion to all public display, the annoyance of a reception at home in honor of your seventieth birth-day, is spared you. Yet we trust it will not be unpleasant for you to receive from your personal friends and fellow townsmen in this more quiet way an expression of our high appreciation and warm affection.

While the sons and daughters of song bringing their tribute of admiration to Genius, delight to lay their crown upon the head of the Poet; we, who believe that none could wear it more royally, knowing your heart, rejoice to pay our tribute to Goodness, to greet the man we love, our Brother, whose lustrous character has made you our first and most honored citizen. The warm interest you have taken in every good work, the wise counsel you have given, and kindly affection for all, have made you dear to us; and the genial humor of your conversation has been to our hearts the oil of gladness. The beauty of a life pure and true, a life

[1] Whittier's reply was printed in the Salisbury and Amesbury Mills *Villager*, Dec. 27, 1877. ". . . Circumstances may make our intercourse somewhat less constant and familiar than in former years, but your interests and welfare are mine; there is not a face among you that I shall not always be glad to see; not a rod of soil on the Merrimac or the Powow that I shall not be happy to retrace; and about my hearth-fire in the old house on Friend Street I shall still hope often to meet you, as long as Providence, which has spared me hitherto, shall prolong my days. . . ."

consecrated to high and holy aims, has been to us a continual inspiration to better things, and we believe its sweet influence will continue to be a benediction to the race.

The example you have given us, of a courage not less fiery than that of the ancient prophets, of a fidelity to principle not less conspicuous than that of the martyrs, of a loyalty to conscience unexcelled in any generation, and withal of a sweetness of soul whose overflow has been a continuous blessing, — the example which you have given us, be assured we shall account an inheritance to be treasured as precious above estimation, and to be transmitted to our children's children. For this we love and honor you.

It is a joy for us to think that of late your face and form have been growing younger; that your troops of friends may greet you as one whose undaunted spirit is more than a match for time. Accept our warm assurance that our homes will be the happier the oftener you may find it possible to gladden them by your presence. May the day be far in the future when you shall wish to change your home among us for the house not made with hands! And may the Muses that have so long attended upon your bidding, and sung so cheerily by your fireside, continue to beguile your lengthening days until your ear grows aweary and hungers for diviner songs! Believe us, truly and sincerely yours,

George W. Morrill	George Turner
J. R. Huntington	John Hume
Horace H. Currier	J. H. Osborne
James W. Briggs	Aaron Sawyer
M. D. F. Steere	O. S. Baley

W. H. B. Currier
Isaac Barnard
J. A. Perkins
Pliny S. Boyd
Geo. W. Cate
Geo. F. Bagley
Jos. T. Clarkson
D. L. Bartlett
G. Cammett
C. Cammett
Samuel Hoyt, pr C.

Amesbury, Dec. 17, 1877.
To John Greenleaf Whittier.

From CHARLES C. BURLEIGH[1]

Florence, 12, 16, '77.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I feel quite unwilling to let the accompanying missive from our Sunday School go on its way to you,

[1] Charles C. Burleigh (1810–1878) entered the anti-slavery work at the request of Samuel J. May, abandoning the practice of the law for which he had studied and passed a brilliant examination. After a varied career he settled in Florence, Mass., where for the last ten years of his life he was "the resident speaker of the Free Congregational Society of Florence."

"As a logical thinker and an eloquent public speaker Charles C. Burleigh probably surpassed any one that ever lived in Northampton. Few men anywhere could so readily and ably extemporize in a public speech as that brave champion of civil and religious liberty. Some of his most brilliant and effective speeches were made on the spur of the moment. In discussing any question he was noted for stating the strongest points of his opponents, and effectually answering them, so that nothing more could be said. The arguments on both sides would be exhausted. His diction was clear and finished. . . .

"Once while speaking in an anti-slavery meeting, a bad egg, hurled by an enemy, struck Burleigh on the forehead. Coolly wiping his brow, he said, 'I always thought that pro-slavery arguments were unsound.' . . .

"He was tall and his frame bore the impress of great physical strength and endurance. Of no one could it be more truthfully said that he had the courage of his convictions. What he deemed proper to do, whether in matters of dress, of personal appearance and habits, or in regard to political, social, or religious concerns, he unhesitatingly carried out, however strange his course might appear to those with whom he came in contact. I remember his wearing a full beard, long before such a practice was considered becoming or proper."

Charles C. Burleigh, by Seth Hunt, in Sheffield, *History of Florence*, 211.

without a word from myself individually, on this occasion which has called out expressions from so many of your literary and other acquaintances and friends. The address of our school, unanimously adopted this morning, speaks, of course, the thoughts and feelings which I share with my fellow-members of the school, but many thoughts and memories are called up in my mind by the occasion, which they cannot share with me. On reading the address you will perhaps suspect, what is the fact, that the duty of preparing it was assigned by my associates to me. I tried to make it speak what I believed to be their thoughts and feelings, so far as their knowledge of you, through your writings or otherwise supplied them ; and the evidently hearty acceptance of my work, when submitted to them, confirms my belief. I need not tell you how heartily I share in the rejoicing of your friends, both those who have publicly voiced it, and I doubt not many more than these, who have not done so, that you have been permitted to reach the end of your seventieth year, retaining still the intellectual vigor and vivacity of earlier manhood, and, I hope, at least as good a condition of bodily health as when I saw you last, though that, indeed, to my regret, is not altogether what we could wish, who love you and desire your long continuance with us.

Called now as I am to think of you as what in our early days we should have regarded as "an old man" — though our estimate of age may have become somewhat modified by the passing years — my mind runs back to the days of our first acquaintance, and to our labors together in the good old "cause"; and thence it ranges over the intermediate years, and gathers

thronging reminiscences in its course. Philadelphia, especially, and the old Anti-Slavery Office there, and Joseph Healy's boarding-house rise vividly before me, and with them come our fellowboarders there, every one of whom has already gone before us to the other side of the river, leaving many precious memories behind them. Then too come, crowding in, the wonderful changes we have witnessed, so other than anything we had expected within our earthly life-time; till it almost seems as if I were living another life, the occupant of another world. But still that former life and world are very well-defined objects of present contemplation; and your place in relation to them is very distinctly imaged to my mind. The afternoon which, at a later period, I passed with you in Amesbury, having walked down from Haverhill for the purpose, is also a bright page of my reminiscences.

I have the satisfaction, too, not only of keeping you in fresh remembrance for myself, but of helping a good many to know or remember something about you. For, as in the early days of the Anti-Slavery struggle, before your pieces, or any considerable number of them, were gathered into volumes, I used to make a sort of claim to be your publisher, because, as your pieces came out in the papers, I was wont to commit them to memory and recite them in my lectures, and in social gatherings at which I was present, so now I have in a measure gone back to the old custom, and introduced you, by public recitation, to a circle of younger hearers, who seem to listen with lively pleasure; sometimes an old veteran calls for some poem which had delighted him a quarter of a century ago or more.

It is true that the occupations of the passing days do not allow a very large proportion of the time for this delightful living in the past, but I do think so much of it as can be spent thus, is by no means lost time, even if mere delight did not redeem it from loss. It seems to me highly desirable, as a part of the training of the younger generation, that

"Here should the child of after years be taught,"

(and these are the "after years" referred to, you know,)

"The works of Freedom which his fathers wrought;
Told of the trials of the present hour, (now past,)
Our weary strife with prejudice and power;
How the high errand quickened woman's soul,
And touched her lips, as with a living coal;
How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith
True and unwavering, unto bonds and death." [1]

By the way, how freshly rises to my view, today, the time when I first read those lines in public, to the gathered multitude in the Pennsylvania Hall; so soon thereafter a heap of ashes and blackened brands. Nor do I forget our gathering at the ruins, to make a regular adjournment to another place, that the continuity of our meeting might not be broken; nor yet the task

[1] From the close of "Pennsylvania Hall," *Poems*, 279. Whittier's prefatory note says the poem was "read at the dedication of Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia, May 15, 1838. The building was erected by an association of gentlemen, irrespective of sect or party, 'that the citizens of Philadelphia should possess a room wherein the principles of Liberty, and Equality of Civil Rights, could be freely discussed, and the evils of slavery fearlessly portrayed.' On the evening of the 17th it was burned by a mob, destroying the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, of which I was editor, and with it my books and papers."

assigned to you, brother William and myself, to prepare an address to the people of the State, in relation to the burning of the Hall. But my pen will run away with me, if I suffer it follow the track of these memories, in which you hold so large a place; and I will constrain myself to stop.

I have yet room on the page[1] to say, at this close of your seventy years, so rich in noble and beneficent work, and, I cannot doubt, in high enjoyment also, spite of sorrows deeper than stranger's eye can fathom, not as is often said, and as it is the heart's first prompting to say, "God bless you"; but as our old friend, N. P. Rogers, correcting his own first utterance, once said to me, as we were parting, "God blesses you." For truly He blesses you, with these ripe years, with this continued ability to work, with the just appreciation your work has won, with the child's faith in his love and care, which grasps his hand in every dark passage you must traverse, and catches the fatherly radiance of his face whenever you emerge into the light. So let my *vale* be, God blesses you. Very truly, your friend and comrade,

C. C. Burleigh.

[1] This entire letter was written on but a half sheet of note paper, and yet in a legible hand.

From PAUL H. HAYNE

January 10th, 1878.

My dear Friend:

I received your letter of the 29th ult. in due season, and I need not say how truly your kind words gratified me.

It is indeed pleasant to learn that so very humble a tribute as mine in the "Literary World"[1] should have so deeply touched you. I am more than rewarded.

Apropos of the "World," I have just read your own poem[2] in answer to your friends, and honestly, it seems

[1] The December, 1877, number of the Boston *Literary World* was dedicated to Whittier and contained many tributes, both prose and verse, on his seventieth birthday. Hayne contributed the following: —

"TO THE POET WHITTIER.

"From this far realm of Pines I waft thee now
A Brother's greeting, Poet, tried and true;
So thick the laurels on thy reverend brow
We scarce can see the white locks glimmering through.

"O, pure of thought! Earnest in heart as pen,
The tests of time have left thee undefiled;
And o'er the snows of three score years and ten
Shines the unsullied aureole of a child."

[2] "Response," written in acknowledgment of the many messages on Whittier's seventieth birthday: —

"Beside that milestone where the level sun,
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low rays
On word and work irrevocably done,
Life's blending threads of good and ill out-spun,
I hear, O friends, your words of cheer and praise,
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise. . . ."

Poems, 409.

to me perfect! There are in it, a delicacy, grace, feeling and true manliness, embodied in language equally terse and vigorous, which altogether render it a quite remarkable little poem. How much more can be conveyed in a half dozen poetic lines, managed as you manage them, than in pages of ordinary prose!

You "trust that the several sections are beginning to understand each other better!" Candidly, I believe they are, and this the work of reconciliation would advance "toward the perfect day," were it not for one ugly element of discord; I mean, the disgraceful efforts of such men as Conkling, Blaine, Chandler, *et id omne genus*, who seem determined to re-open old, fast-healing wounds, and to "set the two sections by the ears again!"

But I hope, nay I believe that they cannot succeed. Pres. Hayes seems firm enough, and the Southern people cannot but regard him kindly and with confidence, since his conduct towards Louisiana, and my recently forlorn and prostrate State, South Carolina. It was his plain duty under the laws of the Constitution and the laws of humanity, to free those States from the grasp of savages and aliens, but so seldom has duty been performed of late years by those in "high places," that when Pres. Hayes manfully performed his, our people were actually bewildered; they could not credit the evidence of their senses. Then came a great joy, which has settled down into a sentiment of quiet gratitude towards him who refused to sanction any longer a monstrous crime.

It distresses me to learn of your continued ill health. Come South if you possibly can. Such a change might prolong your invaluable life. Should you visit our *locale*, of course, my home will be yours. A very hum-

ble home; but I would n't feel embarrassed in welcoming you; for I know how simple your habits are. My wife most cordially joins in this invitation.

You say that you hope "I am well paid for my poems." I rec^{d} e.g. $50.^{00}$ for the poem just out in "Scribner."[1] This is by far the largest sum I have ever got for any poem. For shorter pieces I receive from 5 and 8 to 10 dollars. I labor under the disadvantage of being far removed from the centres of literary activity, can make no personal bargains, and receive less than Northern writers.

You, M^{r} Whittier, are the only Northern litterateur who has ever done me the honor of placing my poems in a published collection of verse.[2]

I have answered your questions very frankly as I know you meant me to do.

When your health permits, please write to me. I am a very lonely man, lost in these vast pine woods, with not one sympathetic companion outside my immediate family.

Ever most faithfully

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Did "Unveiled" in "Scribner" please you? You 'll tell me frankly if it did not.

[1] "Unveiled," dedicated to W. C. Bryant, *Scribner's Magazine*, Jan., 1878.

[2] Whittier included in *Songs of Three Centuries*, which he edited in 1876, two of Hayne's poems, "Pre-Existence" and "From the Woods."

From PAUL H. HAYNE

"*Copse Hill*," *Georgia Rail Road*,
February 8th, 1878.

MY VENERATED FRIEND:

I deeply appreciate the kindness of yours of the 2nd inst.

'T is encouraging to learn that the Simms "Monody" struck you so favorably, and that "Unveiled" you deem "excellent." Both the poems have won a marked success. Bryant has earnestly commended them, and Stedman, writing me from New York, alludes to these "Odes" in a manner I cannot forget. You know how very subtle and æsthetic a critic Stedman is?

Your offer of helping me to a place under Government in Carolina or Georgia is pre-eminently characteristic, my friend, of your genial nature, and true sympathies. I do not feel your kindness one whit the less, because in this case I cannot avail myself of it. The truth is that my health needs absolutely the air and quiet of the country. Were I once to be "cabinned, cribbed, confined" in any town office, a very few months would consign me to the grave! But thanks, a thousand times, for your suggestion!

There is however, I have been thinking, another mode in which either Mr. Bryant, or Mr. Longfellow or yourself might do me an inestimable service. I say "might do," for of course I cannot tell how far your powers or his may extend in the direction I am about to specify.

The position of a Southern poet in this country, is sadly anomalous. To you, I may say, just as if I were addressing my own father, and without fear of miscomprehension, that anything harder, more terribly exacting, than the 20 years of labor by which I have gained my present literary position (however humble) it would be impossible to conceive! Now, I have reached my 47th year; and have on hand a mass of poems, many of them the best I ever composed, and all of a miscellaneous character, quite eno' to fill a duodecimo vol. of 100, or 150 pages, and yet, I feel sure that I could not obtain a publisher. I mean a publisher who would adventure even a small edition at his own risk.[1] Feeling (let me say this to you in sacred confidence), that my life-term draws towards its close, and naturally desirous to put myself once more on record, I would give much to print the lyrics referred to; but without some influence such as Northern author could give, it is out of the question! As previously intimated, no such influence may rest with you, or Mr. Bryant, or Mr. Longfellow; but if it really should be in your power or their's, to help me to a publisher, I think you will not fail me. I would beg you to accept the dedication of the volume to be called simply "Muscadines" from the 1st poem in it.

There is yet another topic, upon which at my aged mother's special request, I desire to consult you. My mother now in her 71st year, is the widow of a U. S. Naval officer. When as far back as September 1832, my father Lieut. Paul H. Hayne, died of yellow fever at Pensacola (Fla.) while in active service aboard

[1] Hayne's Poems were published, with a biographical sketch by Margaret J. Preston, by D. Lothrop & Company, Boston, 1882.

the U. S. ship "Vincennes," my mother, being then in easy circumstances as to fortune, never thought of applying to Government for the "pension," which, of course, was her due. Years passed; the Confederate war came, and stripped her, and us, of almost everything. Even now we can just manage to live. Don't you think (if the circumstances were known at Washington) the old lady might secure this "pension." Several times under Grant's administration we made an effort to bring the claim to the notice of those in power, by employing an agent, but did not succeed. The claim is now on file in the proper Department. Would you advise me to push it?

Tho' you cannot travel now, surely it may be possible for you to "flit Southward" towards the Spring? If so, our home, and hearts are open to you always. My wife says, she will make "Copse Hill" as comfortable for you as possible, and that the "bonny brown hand" shall be gladly employed in your service. We are the simplest, the least conventional people on earth; and be assured that you will be made to feel as much almost at ease as if in your own special domicile in Amesbury or Danvers.

From M^rs^ Timrod I have heard nothing directly for a long time. But some weeks since, the papers spoke of her as out of employment, and seeking a clerkship in Washington. I have written her frequently, but elicited no answer. I am puzzled.

You ask how it is that I am an "exile" from my beloved State, Carolina. Our house in Charleston was destroyed by the bursting of a bomb-shell, (which created a large fire, sweeping the entire square). There and then the larger portion of my library, a very rare

one, perished. Again, Sherman passing thro Columbia, or his troops, took from us silver and plate, much of it old family plate, valued at $10,000. The banks, as you know, all broke, so that we lost our whole property, excepting a very few hundreds. My family were refugees in Georgia, when the war closed, and I (not being able to get any other work) took charge of the local department of the "Augusta Constitutionalist." In 8 months, the work (night work much of it!) broke me down completely! With a few hundreds, hardly scraped together, I purchased my present humble home in the woods, and took charge of Pollard's weekly, "Southern Opinion," issued in Richmond, as literary editor. He died, owing me nearly all my salary, of which I have never since rec^{d} a solitary cent! Since, I have "eked out" a subsistence by composing essays, sketches, tales, poems, etc. etc. During the entire year of 1876, I suffered from repeated hemorrhages (as often as two or three times a week) and have never perfectly or radically recovered. Now, you have my history! I don't apologize for my perfect candor, nor the apparent egotism of all this. You comprehend me! God be with you! and believe that you have no truer friend, than

Yours ever faithfully

Paul H. Hayne.

P. S. Won't you think very seriously of coming South in the Spring? You would never regret it.

To ——

Danvers, 4th Mo. 5, 1878.

My dear Friend:

I am liable to be called to Amesbury and Newburyport any day next week: and I could not fix a day for the call. But I am afraid it is not a good thing for thee to publish a book of poems now, even if a publisher could be found, which is not probable in the depressed state of business. Try to get in the verse in some of the literary reviews or papers first. I did not venture to offer my verse to a publisher until I was forty years old, and even then, the profit in money or reputation was small.

I think thee have natural gifts and the enthusiasm which makes one capable of much; but we must all submit to our limitations, and we cannot always do as we could wish. It is safest not to contend with what is inevitable. God leads us by ways we do not choose, often sadly against our wills, but, in the end, it will be seen that he led wisely.

My health is such that I cannot write or study without pain. This must excuse this brief letter.

Thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

From LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Wayland, Oct. 25th, 1878.

Dear Friend Whittier:

I thank you heartily for your little volume of poems, and the kindly written words which accompanied them. The poems, like all you write, are redolent of Nature's fragrance, and full of balm for wounded hearts. The thoughts that breathe through the music of your rhymes have been full of healing and of strength for many souls.

A few weeks ago, I went to see our friend, Angelina Grimké Weld, after a separation of forty years. I was sorry I went. She did not know me, and I should not have recognized her without an introduction. We had better have remained in each other's memory as we were in the days of youthful strength and courage. Ever since our sad meeting, I have been troubled with the thought: — Will the dear ones from whom we parted here, seem so strange when we meet again in the unknown world? On that subject, I am disturbed with continual unrest. I care nothing about a continued existence, except as a renewal of the bonds affection had woven here. And when they precede us for many years, and live in a world whose laws are totally unlike our own, how far away their spirits must get from ours! That it is not so, we have no proof; unless the weird phenomena of "Spiritualism" be taken as evidence. And those phenomena, though inexplicable by any laws now understood, are as fantastic

and unreliable as dreams; which also are inexplicable by any known laws.

Alas, the curtain falls so heavily, and is so impenetrable! Only a narrow gleam at the edges shows that there is not darkness on the other side.

I was sorry not to see you at Melrose. Early in November I expect to go to Boston for the winter, and before the season is over I hope we may meet some time at our dear, good friends, the Sewalls.

You have always been a blessing to my soul, and I love you truly.

Your affectionate old friend

L. Maria Child.

From LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Wayland, June 18th 1879

Dear Friend Whittier:

My spirit has been with yours a great deal, during all the circumstances attendant upon the decease of our honored friend, Garrison. To you and I, who lived in the midst of the obloquy and persecution that were heaped upon him without measure, the revolution in public sentiment, indicated by the universal laudation, seems wonderful indeed. And how cheering it is! How full of encouragement concerning the future progress of the human race! If so much could be accomplished, in *one* generation, by a few brave souls, against such formidable odds, what marvellous changes may be wrought in the course of *many* generations, each one throwing increasing light on the path-way of its successor!

The newspaper tributes were interesting and cheering, as indications of a healthy change in public sentiment; but the heartfelt tributes to our friend's memory were beautiful, in their simple truthfulness and genuine feeling, to a degree that thrilled the souls of listeners and readers; yours, and Phillips's, and Weld's. No marble mausoleum inlaid with precious stones, and embowered in blossoms, could have formed a monument so beautiful. I was glad to see that you recognized his faith, and indicated your own, in implying the continued and active agency of his spirit. How could such a spirit die? I wish he could tell us something about it, in a way we could trust.

But, assuredly, my friend there is no such thing as death. The whole universe is a marvellous evolution of ever changing forms. And if the naked gibbering savage has gradually become an Emerson, a Whittier, a Garrison, why should not they evolve into seraphs, with immensely larger powers, acting under laws as different from those that regulate our earth, as air is from water? Assuredly, there is no death. And, after all, are we not all ghosts, who for a brief time appear to traverse a small segment of space, and then vanish, we know not whither? It is only the commonness of our apparition and our departure that prevents it from seeming miraculous.

I wonder what lesson that Pocasset tragedy [1] teaches to your mind. To my mind, it is the legitimate result of long established theological doctrines; and a striking proof of the absurdity and danger of taking the history of a semi-barbarous people as an inspired rule for life in the 19th century. Clergymen eulogize Abraham for his readiness to sacrifice his son; and they praise God for doing the same thing, because blood was necessary for the atonement of sin; and then they blame Freeman for following such sublime

[1] In May, 1879, one Freeman, a farmer at Pocasset, Mass., took the life of his three-year-old daughter, being deranged and brooding on the story of Abraham and Isaac.

Whittier wrote in reply to this letter: "... I trust with thee that the wretched Pocasset horror will teach all honest expounders the folly and danger of going back to the stone age for models of right living. I am shocked by the barbarism and superstition of our popular faith. There needs another George Fox, with broader vision, to call men from the death of the letter to the life of the spirit, and to tread under foot the ghastly and bloody materialism which survives among us. ..." — Pickard, *Whittier*, 650.

examples. What glowing inconsistency! All the orthodox preachers ought to be indicted as accomplices before the murder.

May our Heavenly Father bless you, dear friend! I love you very sincerely. Your old friend

L. Maria Child.

I enclose a translation, hoping the spirit will move you to transpose it into the flowing melody of your verse.

To HORACE H. CURRIER[1]

Danvers, 9th 7th mo, 1879.

DEAR H. H. C.

I was glad to get thy two postals. The terrible weather of the 4th, and the abrupt change to cold has been hard to me: and I am afraid still harder for thee. We have had no warm weather; it is a lost art; only hot and cold: tropic and arctic.

I have been to see the old homestead at Haverhill. It has fallen into the hands of one of my old neighbors —a Mr. Geo. Elliott, who is a retired shoe manufacturer. He has cleaned up round the house and clapboarded it and painted it on the outside, and mended the barn, so it looks pretty well. The inside is not yet altered very much. The clearing of the kitchen will be a task like that of Hercules and the Augean stables.

It made me feel strange to walk over the old place and sit by the brook and look at the old house; could it be that I was the same person who sixty years before had been setting water wheels in the brook, and hunting eggs in the barn! Job's Hill that I thought a mountain, had dwindled into a mere hill. And where were Father and Mother, Uncle, Aunt and sisters? What a dream is life? Here I am left a few days more, waiting for the end of it, yet with the feeling that what is called the end is but the open-

[1] Horace H. Currier, a lawyer and an old and dear friend of Whittier, died within a few weeks after this letter was written.

ing of a new life beyond. God be merciful to us all!

I presume by this time you have more boarders. Shall I send a check for board? Let me know if it is not too hard for thee to write, how thee are and if there is anything I can do for thee.

All send a great deal of love to thee.

Aft.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

My regards to Celeste.

From OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Beverly Farms, Mass. Sept. 7th 1879.

My dear Whittier:

Among the many kind tokens of remembrance which greeted my seventieth birthday, hardly any has touched and gratified me so much as your letter. Since the iron gate has closed behind me and I look upon our little group [1] — the three who are abreast of me, or only a step or two in advance, — with whom I have been singing more or less melodiously for half a century, naturally enough they seem nearer to me than ever before. You know how Kings and Queens in their exalted loneliness and social isolation always address each other as Brother and Sister. So, having gained this lonely summit of seventy years, which looks down a swift declivity, — I would write to you, to Emerson, to Longfellow, if I felt that I had the right to use the term. We have all taken our degrees in the

[1] Whittier wrote Holmes, 12 mo, 17, 1879: "I have often, since I met thee in Boston, thought of thy remark that we four singers seem to be isolated — set apart as it were — in lonely companionship, garlanded as if for sacrifice, the world about us waiting to see who first shall falter in his song, who first shall pass out of the sunshine into the great shadow. There is something pathetic in it all. I feel like clasping closer the hands of my companions. I realize more and more that fame and notoriety can avail little in our situation; that love is the one essential thing, always welcome, outliving time and change, and going with us into the unguessed possibilities of death. There is nothing so sweet in the old Bible as the declaration that 'God is love.'"

Pickard, *Whittier*, 655.

"finishing" school of life. I believe we all have the kindliness and the hopefulness which wholesome age ought to bring with it. I know for myself that I feel an inexpressible tenderness to all of you three with whom I am floating on the last of the planks of which the raft of life is constructed. We all feel the cool evening wind in our faces, but I am sure it does not chill our hearts.

As for yourself, you must pardon me for saying that I confess a reverence as well as admiration in looking back over your noble career. And so you may well believe that every kind word you have ever spoken to me, went to my heart and made me happier — I hope better.

What can I do now more fitting than repeat your own benediction.

May God bless you, my Brother, and may we meet oftener in the world where seasons are not counted, than we have met during these earthly lives of three score years and ten.

Affectionately Yours,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

71, *West 54th St.*
New York, Dec. 21st, 1879.

DEAR MR. WHITTIER:

One of the chief objects which I had in mind, when I made an effort to be present at the breakfast to Dr. Holmes,[1] was to avail myself of that chance to meet you, whose birthday festival I was unable to participate in. For it has been one of the regrets of my life that I have not met the poet whom I have loved and honored from boyhood, and whose verse, years ago, gave me unfailing hope and purpose when I dreamed of yet doing some good work in life, or meditated upon the use and nobleness of the poet's art in the movement of this workaday world.

Well: you were at the gathering, and I failed to see you, and did not know that you were a guest, until Mr. Houghton told us that you had left the room. When I realized that my chance had passed, my regret was so earnest that I could not greatly enjoy the remainder of the festival.

But I hope, and mean, yet to see you in person, if I have to make a day's pilgrimage to the town which is your home.

Meanwhile, I hope that the purpose of this letter

[1] "Given by the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* in honor of the contributor who, more than any other one man, had caused its prosperity, who had been to it the life blood racing through its veins."
Morse, *Holmes*, ii, 43.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

will not be a cause of embarrassment to you, and that if I have committed a fault in any wise, your good and kind heart will at once implore you to forgive me. Last month a selection from my own poems was brought out in England, a volume of which I send you by mail, the first copy which I have received. In asking myself to whom, of all others, I should prefer to inscribe this — the most careful — edition of my poems, published across the seas, my thoughts at once went back to you, and I ventured to begin the volume with the blank verse which I wrote when you completed your seventieth year.'

In telling John Bright that I should do this, my American and New England heart swelled with honest pride when I heard him break out in a eulogy to your honor, so full of true appreciation, of knowledge of your writings and your personal career, that I could not have doubted its sincerity, even if it had come from a less loyal and truthful, or less noble and heroic source.

Forgive the length and awkwardness of this letter, and believe me, dear Mr. Whittier, most earnest in my wishes that your years may be long in the land that claims you as the most deserving and the best-beloved of her lyric poets.

With much respect,

Very truly your friend,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

[1] Whittier acknowledged the gift, 12th mo, 31, 1879. "I have been looking over thy beautiful volume. . . . Indeed, if thee never write another stanza, thy place is assured in American literature, as the worthy successor of Bryant. There is one poem in thy volume which has the stamp of immortality upon it. 'The Discoverer' has always seemed to me one of the most striking and powerfully suggestive poems of our time." — Pickard, *Whittier*, 656.

To THOMAS F. BAYARD, U. S. SENATOR

Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.
2nd Mo. 11, 1880.

HON. THO^{S} F. BAYARD:

I have read with great satisfaction thy views on the important question of the Currency. I always believed that the Greenback and Inflation folly was but temporary, and that the nobler second thought of the people would set the matter right. The faithfulness with which thou hast maintained thy views against what seemed at one time the prevailing drift of the Democratic party, is, in the highest degree, honorable and praiseworthy.

And here let me thank thee for the kind reference to myself in thy speech on the Appropriation Bill. A Quaker and an Abolitionist, I have been all my life opposed to slavery. That is now a thing of the past, and ever since the war I have ardently desired to see the two sections of the Union united in peace and harmony. I cordially endorsed the speech of my friend Gen. Bartlett. At the same time, I could, and can, but insist that the people of color, whose conduct during the war should entitle them to the grateful consideration of their former masters, should be protected in their civil rights. A different and kindly treatment of these people, at the South, would unquestionably have secured their votes to a great extent for the candidates representing their former masters, long before this.

With sentiments of respect I am
very truly thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From PAUL H. HAYNE

Copse Hill, October 26th, 1880.

MY DEAR AND VENERATED FRIEND:

I thank you for your letter of the 11th inst.; one of the kindest and most friendly of the many kind and friendly letters you have written me. As the circle of my correspondence once very large, gradually decreases, I cling with added affection to those correspondents still, (as a sailor would say) "to the fore," and surely among them, you stand pre-eminent. Despite the score of years difference in our ages, I am quite old eno' to appreciate all your feelings in regard to the advance of time; and to comprehend, *ab imo pectore*, the half sadness, half resignation, wherewith the old must regard their past, or I should rather say, their future, stripped as necessarily it must be, of many a comfort, spiritual no less than bodily, which had once cheered and sustained them!

Nevertheless, old age when virtuous and honorable and crowned with the laurels of well-directed genius (as in your case), possesses numerous alleviations, and that you realize this great and merciful truth, seems manifest from the tone of all you have said upon the subject. Never until the senses utterly fail, and the blood grows cold indeed, can you cease to derive happiness and consolation from Nature, and in the absence of ancient friends, of comrades who have gone, in the pathetic Latin phrase "gone to join the majority" (*abiit ad plures!*) you may find younger, perhaps as

fervent companions; or — failing this — you at least, comprehend how day by day, and hour by hour, you are drawing nearer to the "land of all realities," and to that re-union of heart bonds, which Death had severed, a re-union, immaculate and immortal!

You recall the great Roman philosopher's "*Treatise upon Old Age*"? What a clever case he makes out in the grey beard Stoic! But then he must be pre-eminently a Stoic, (or a man of somewhat callous feelings), and physically well preserved, with stout digestion, and never a twinge of neuralgia, lumbago, or rheumatic hints of any sort!!

For the Christian philosopher, an infinitely higher species of consolation may be predicted, — so long as heart and mind survive — and he is freed from absolute, loathsome disease. Is it Addison, or Steele, who conventionally, yet touchingly compares a human life properly conducted, to a fair day, with its many natural changes, and enjoyments suited to each?

Of its sunset hour he discourses eloquently, showing how the very sorrows about it, may be glorified by a serene soul, as clouds gather splendor and beauty from the final rays of the departing luminary!

How I wish that a period not very far off perhaps, had arrived, when instead of these slow (!) processes of steam, one could travel by balloons!! Assuredly, you should see me at "Oak Knoll," dropping literally from the clouds, and ready to admire with you, the magnificence of your autumnal foliage! Of course, here, in the Southern pine barrens, we have no such splendors, but among the mountain ranges of our country section, Autumn becomes an Empress so apparelled, that only the "pleasanҫes of Paradise," I

verily believe, could excel the glory of her investiture!

We congratulate your relatives, Miss Abby and Miss Caroline, upon their safe return from the California visit. It must have charmed them indeed! By the way, I have a number of near relatives now living in that marvellous State; sons of my uncle, Gen[l] Robert Y. Hayne[1]; and their large families of sons and daughters. One, D[r] Arthur Hayne, resides in San Francisco; the other, Allston Hayne, in beautiful Southern Cal. near Santa Barbara.

I'm pleased to hear of my young friend Phœbe, and of her efforts to keep the household[2] lively; only

[1] Senator from South Carolina whose speech was the occasion of Webster's Reply to Hayne, March, 1830.

[2] The result of this visit of Hayne to Oak Knoll was the poem which T. W. Higginson says "is one of the best pictures ever drawn of Whittier in his home life." (Higginson, *Whittier*, 113.)

"So 'neath the Quaker poet's tranquil roof,
From all deep discords of the world aloof,
I sit once more and measured converse hold,
With him whose nobler thoughts are rhythmic gold;
See his deep brows half-puckered in a knot,
O'er some hard problem of our mortal lot,
Or a dream soft as May winds of the south,
Waft a girl's sweetness 'round his firm, set mouth.

"Or, should he deem wrong threats the public weal,
Lo, the whole man seems girt with flashing steel;
His glance a sword thrust and his words of ire,
Like thunder tones from some old prophet's lyre.
Or by the hearthstone when the day is done,
Mark swiftly lanced a sudden shaft of fun;
The short, quick laugh, the smartly smitten knees,
Are all sure tokens of a mind at ease."

't is no effort to her, I warrant! A naturally more exuberant child, one more healthful, and full of vivacity, I have seldom seen. Salute the little maiden, for me, and say, that Mr. Hayne often thinks of her, and always affectionately. I want her to read *St. Nicholas* for Xmas, because I 'll have a poem therein, she may like. Do give our best remembrances (my wife's and mine) to all the ladies of your household, and say how pleasantly we recollect their beautiful home, and courteous attentions to us.

Enclosed I send a poem[1] re-published from the October *Scribner*, which may have failed to meet your eye. You spoke so kindly of "From the Woods," addressed to my "winsome woman" that perhaps you may like these verses, since you have known her! My wife deeply appreciates the affectionate manner in which you always refer to her. She invariably mentions our visit to "Oak Knoll" lovingly, and often wishes that you were under our own roof tree.

[1] "I would not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks which, like a milky way,
Streak the dark midnight of thy raven hair;

"I would not lose, O Sweet, the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
Where love looks forth, touched by the shadows of care.
. . . . . .

"Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land —
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

"There I behold thee young again, and bright,
In a great flood of rare, transfiguring light;
But there, as here, thou smilest, Love, on me."
"Love's Autumn," *Scribner's*, xx, 854; Oct., 1880.

Another, and very different piece, I enclose for your examination; a piece provoked by what seemed to me a most ungenerous "fling" at Dr. Ticknor's poems in a recent "*Atlantic*." [1] To allow such a verdict from a magazine of authority, to go forth to the world uncontradicted, would have been nothing less than "*léze majestie*," the majesty of death, and genius sanctified by death, (on the part of Ticknor's honest admirers.)

Knowing that you are one who never has shrunk, and never can shrink from any truth to which you have once borne testimony, I unhesitatingly quoted your commendatory note upon the writer in question, and his poems. I know what an effort writing now is to you, but, my friend, when you can send us a letter however brief, it will be especially appreciated. And now, with my wife's love and all good wishes,

Believe as ever

Faithfully and affectionately Yrs.

Paul H. Hayne.

P. S. M^rs. Hayne says, that if at any time you find it convenient, she would be delighted to receive one of your Ms. poems to keep!

[1] The *Atlantic*, Nov., 1880, has a short review of *Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M.D.* (Philadelphia, 1879), for which Hayne wrote an introduction. Dr. Ticknor (1822–1874) was a Georgian physician whose poems of the Civil War were popular in the South. The reviewer termed this volume of verse "an unnecessary addition to the unhealthily enormous list," though approval is expressed of "the vigorous, pathetic, masterly poem, 'Little Giffen,'" printed in Stedman's *American Anthology*, 254.

From EDWIN P. WHIPPLE[1]

Boston, March 5, 1881.

MY DEAR WHITTIER:

Thank you cordially for your "King's Missive,"[2] and also for the lines declaring that the volume came from an "old friend," and that friend John G. Whittier. And come to think of it, I do not remember that a shade has passed on our friendship since we first met as critic and poet. Among the hundred notices I have written of you, I cannot recall any word which did not indicate my appreciation of your genius and my love for your character. Our friendship, literary and personal, has been one of unclouded sunshine. But who could quarrel with you, or fleer at you? Everybody who has met you in life knows that you are a "Friend" in an intenser sense than its merely technical and theological one.

In reading your latest volume, I feel, more and more, that the hold you have on the public mind, is primarily moral. But then your ethics are always

[1] Whittier often expressed his regard for Whipple (1819–1886). He dedicated *The Bay of Seven Islands* (1883) "To Edwin P. Whipple, one of the first to welcome my earliest volume, I offer the latest as a token of a friendship never interrupted and which years have only strengthened." In his *Prose Works*, ii, 318, Whittier writes: "Scarcely inferior to Macaulay in brilliance of diction and graphic portraiture, Whipple was freer from prejudice and passion, and more loyal to the truth of fact and history. He was a thoroughly honest man. He wrote with conscience always at his elbow, and never sacrificed his real convictions for the sake of epigram and antithesis."

[2] *The King's Missive and Other Poems*, Boston, 1881.

"touched with or by emotion." The dread law as it awakens your conscience arouses moral feeling. This feeling is sometimes righteous moral wrath, sometimes persuasive moral tenderness and compassion; but in all cases it tends to move the hearts to which it is addressed.

And then the singular purity of your poetry! You not only never touch the sensual, but hardly ever touch even the sensuous elements which enter into so much of what we still must call good poetry. The moral atmosphere of everything you have written is as free from taint as the breath of a new born babe. Therefore, in addition to your beautiful gifts of sentiment and imagination, I have always considered you one of the great moral and purifying forces of the time. It must be a solace to you in your old age that the stream of your verse has been like that of Wordsworth's river Duddon "To heal and cleanse, not madden or pollute." Indeed, in reading this last volume, I feel as if my soul had taken a bath in holy water.

How I could run on, my dear Whittier, in this strain! But I will tire you no more. My wife joins with me in most affectionate greetings. May we see you soon!

Ever affectionately yours,

E. P. Whipple

To ——

Danvers, Mass.
11 *Mo.* 27, 1881.

My dear Friend:

I have been gratified from time to time by the receipt of publications connected with the excellent society of which thou art secretary, and in the objects of which I heartily sympathise. It is doing a noble work, and I wish we had one like it on this side of the water. Exhausted by the long hard anti-slavery struggle, I have been too much of an invalid for some years past to do much myself, beyond giving my name and countenance to humanitarian efforts. But I am glad to notice thy new activity and devotion to good works.

I think thee sent me a pamphlet on Geo. Fox and a paper concerning what is called the "Salvation Army." I glanced over the paper, and found an article on Abraham's attempt at human sacrifice, which seemed to me a dangerous one. We have now within sight of where I [am] writing, a man confined for sacrificing his daughter, from what he regarded a sense of duty. He justifies himself by Abraham.

I read with interest thy article on the Irish Question and think some of its suggestions wise. But I see nothing for the Gov^{t} to do but to lay a heavy hand on the brutal and cowardly assassins who think it right and proper to murder a neighbor who is honest enough to pay his debts. It is impossible to reason with unreason, like this. It seems to me that such

men as Bright and Forster have gone to extremes in their concessions to Ireland so far as rent is concerned.

Wishing thee abundant success in thy work so far as it is in accordance with the Divine Will, and with a pleasant remembrance of thy visit to me many years ago, I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Boston, April 1st, 1882.

My dear Whittier:

I thank you for your most kind and touching letter. It is too true that we stand in a certain sense alone. When Bryant fell, the cold wind struck full upon us. Now Longfellow is gone,[1] we seem to hear our roots cracking. I could have wished you had been in the library where lay all that was left of him whom we knew so well in life. "Dead he lay among his books." His brother read some sweet passages [from] his poems, and some of those Scriptural words which lie in our hearts beneath all that has been written since, or ever can be written. He read with unfaltering voice, and many times the tones were so like those of his brother that it seemed as if the poet were softly uttering his own requiem. All was tranquil, lovely, as it should have been. A branch of palm (I thought it was), a passion flower, nothing or next to nothing but these lay on or by the coffin. At the tomb only a few words were spoken, and the dark burden hiding what was so lately radiant with clear and serene intelligence descended into the silent darkness where more than twenty years ago the beautiful wife, so fitting a companion for such a poet, was laid in the midst of anguish that could find no words.

I do not know what I shall be able to say or write.

[1] Longfellow died March 24, 1882. Holmes's tribute, with comments on Longfellow's writings, is in *Proceedings Massachusetts Historical Society*, 1881–82, xxix, 269–275.

I have promised the Historical Society to do something at their next meeting. In the meantime I have to leave Boston early next week to join my wife and two of my children at Lakewood in New Jersey, where my youngest son[1] has been passing the winter on account of asthma, which has found great relief in that sandy spot. I myself feel tired, I confess it — tired with a long winter's lecturing, with a correspondence which has become cruel, and a cold which has lasted longer than common — three or four weeks — and leaves me feeling my work more of a burden than I could wish. But your loving words are always a cordial, and I thank you from my heart for all those expressions of esteem and affection of which I feel you to be so much worthier than myself, and send back to you, adding my reverence to my love.

Always faithfully yours,

O. W. Holmes.

[1] "The third child, Edward Jackson, inherited much of his father's wit and humor ; but unfortunately also inherited the asthma. This hampered him in the practice of the law, gave him, in fact, no chance at all in life, and finally so undermined his constitution that he died untimely in 1884." Morse, *Holmes*, i, 172.

To CHARLES P. PRESTON

Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.
8th mo. 1883.

HON. CHARLES P. PRESTON.

DEAR FRIEND:

I very much regret that I am not able to be with you at the gathering[1] this evening. I am, it is true, better acquainted with the good and true man whom you deservedly honor on this occasion, as a kind friend and neighbor, a worthy citizen and wise legislator, than as a minister, but the fact that he has acceptably held his pulpit for twenty years, is proof that he has done good service in it. During this long period I have never heard that his parish has been troubled by the bodily presence of that evil and disreputable personage with whom his predecessor, Parson Parris fought such a losing battle. As a consequence of this, he has had no occasion to spend his time in searching for witches among the elderly ladies of his congregation; and the sound orthodoxy of his people under his ministrations, has rendered heresy hunting so unnecessary that the solitary Quaker who has sojourned within the parish limits, still remains unhanged.

[1] The twentieth anniversary of the installation of Rev. Charles B. Rice, over the First Church of Danvers. It was in this parish, then Salem Village, that the witchcraft delusion first appeared in 1692 and at the parsonage of Rev. Samuel Parris, its minister.

Pleasantry apart, I beg leave to join my congratulations with yours, with all good wishes for the Christian gentleman who is the recipient of them.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Boston, Nov. 4th 1883

My dear Whittier:

Many thanks for the dear little volume of poems [1] you sent me. I have just been reading over those I remembered, and others I was not sure that I had ever seen.

I left off with my eyes full of tears. There is so much hope and sweetness and human sympathy running through these poems that they stir, — yes, as I write there goes the tear which I thought would behave itself running down my cheek. I am not ashamed of my womanly tribute, for if an old man has not a few drops of his mother's milk left in his veins, he has lived too long. If I had to take my choice, I think I should select "How the Women went from Dover." [2] It gave me the old thrill as I read it — it is alive all over. I do not know that you will approve my choice and I am not sure that I ought not to have selected "What the Traveller said at Sunset" [3] which I read

[1] *The Bay of Seven Islands and Other Poems*, 1883.

[2] "The tossing spray of Cocheco's fall
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
As through Dover town in the chill, gray dawn,
Three women passed, at the cart-tail drawn."
Poems, 130.

[3] "The shadows grow and deepen round me,
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The muezzin of the darkening thicket,
I hear the night-thrush call to prayer."
Poems, 463.

with deep emotion. God bless you, dear Whittier, and keep you singing until the angels are out of patience waiting for you!

Affectionately Yours,

O. W. Holmes.

From WILLIAM CLAFLIN[1]

Boston, Feby. 4, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

It does my heart good to hear from you. We did not know where you were, whether at Oak Knoll or Amesbury.

The winter is wearing away and I fear you are weary of cold and confinement. However, the sun is daily going higher and soon the buds will begin to swell, reminding us of the approach of spring and, I trust, the hope of comfort to you.

My dear wife is a hermit at the Old Elms,[2] with a servant and "no company" except her husband occasionally and the children. The noise of the city with the anxiety of home, brought sleepless nights and "dreadful" days. She seems better and I hope she will be well enough next week to follow the birds south.

Now we think a change will do you much good, and the house, 63 Mt. Vernon St., will have only Arthur, his lovely wife, and Mrs. Freeland, whose guest you will be, if you will take your old room and my library in possession.[3] You may come and go, sleep,

[1] Governor of Massachusetts, 1869, 1870, 1871.

[2] The Claflin estate at Newtonville.

[3] In Mrs. Claflin's *Personal Reminiscences of Whittier*, 82, is quoted a letter from Whittier: "I will tell thee now what I could not say at thy house, that I enjoyed every moment of my long visit with you. Of the special kindness with which I was received into thy household circle, I can only say that I wish that I deserved it."

eat, write and have your friends to visit, as independently as Robinson Crusoe on his island.

I expect to be absent four weeks, and Mrs. C. may remain longer. There is an additional attraction for you which I almost forgot. Mr. and Mrs. [T. B.] Aldrich are fairly settled in a lovely home[1] with lots of bric-a-brac and beautiful books around them. They will be delighted to see you at any and all times.

Now do not fail to come.

Mayor Martin[2] was perhaps a little hasty, but his anger was righteous. The School Committee has been run by a ring who have bought supplies in a regular Tweed way and had almost absolute sway, the members holding three or four chairmanships each. The Mayor divided the chairmanships properly, which produced the explosion. The public generally sustain the Mayor.

Genl. Sherman is not a Catholic, probably has not much religious interest, but is a true, honest, liberal, large-hearted man. He has excellent administrative abilities and would make an excellent President. His wife is a recluse and would have no influence upon his public acts. John Sherman would much. He has great love for the General and would assist him to the best of his ability. If we could be sure to nominate and elect Sherman, I should sleep easy. I think Edmunds could carry New York and quite likely the country if he could be nominated, but I fear he would wreck his party in the same way John Adams did. His strength lies in his criticism. He is a pessimist, and wants to do nothing in government as long as

[1] No. 59 Mount Vernon Street, Boston.

[2] General A. P. Martin, Mayor of Boston.

there is a way to avoid it. His acquiescence is generally all you can obtain. Lincoln is a good man, and will do well, if elected. His strength is "sentiment." Blaine is dangerous if nominated, and dangerous if not, but less as a follower than a leader. However, we shall nominate a good man and be likely to elect him, as we are less divided than the Democrats.

Goodby, faithfully yours

W. Claflin.

Remember me to the ladies.

From THOMAS CHASE[1]

Haverford College,
11th Mo. 4th, 1884.

My dear Friend,

John G. Whittier:

I congratulate thee on the tokens of appreciation of thy genius and of the use thou hast made of thy powers, which came from many quarters at the recent celebration at Providence. For myself, I regret that a pressure of other engagements prevented my making as complete a study of my subject as I could wish.

There is some talk of printing the proceedings in a more permanent form than the newspaper report. If I have misapprehended any facts or failed to notice anything thou would like to have noticed, I shall feel greatly obliged if thou will send me word.

Allow me to say that there would be no want of delicacy and no forwardness on thy part, if thou were to point out any department of thy writing, or any of thy aims, which I have not spoken of, or to which I have not done justice.

Least of all should thou feel any delicacy in speaking of anything thou would wish referred to, of a personal character. Thus I intend to introduce in any further publication an extract from thy lines to Wm. Lloyd Garrison, speaking of him among thy friends. I had marked an extract for quotation, but left it out

[1] Appendix L, page 284.

thinking I had already said enough about the anti-slavery struggle, losing sight for the moment of the fact that he ought to be commemorated among thy friends.

What more ought I to say of thy mother and sister? Am I right in thinking the picture of the reader in the "Demon of the Study"[1] to have been suggested by thy sister? Do I rightly refer to "In School Days"[2] as autobiographical?

The report of my address in the [Providence] *Journal* has several misprints, most of which are perhaps obvious. The word "not" is omitted in the sentence which ought to read, "The great bards of history have not sung merely to amuse." Line 26, 2d column, for "noblest lives" read, "noblest loves." In the remarks on "Snow-Bound," I call the people of N. E. *sturdy*, and with glimpses of the *lore* of Greece and Rome. Thy religious poetry I call "songs of the spirit," not "spirits." The quotations from thy poems have several misprints, as thou wilt observe. Yet the report is on the whole creditable, especially as I did not read the proof.

It is with a view to historical accuracy, and a desire to hand down perhaps to after days a juster view both of thy aims and thy achievements, that I venture to trouble thee with these requests.

With sincere gratitude and respect, and all good wishes, I am

Very truly thy friend,

THOMAS CHASE.

[1] *Poems*, 6. [2] *Poems*, 407.

From AMELIA B. EDWARDS

The Larches,
Westbury on Trym, Bristol,
February 11, 1885.

Dear Poet, Subscriber and Friend:

I have to tell you of a curious and unfortunate mistake which has befallen of late, and which has diverted from its rightful owner a long letter, written some six weeks ago by me to you. The letter was a grateful and hearty one, I know, but I no longer very clearly remember its contents. I thanked you for espousing the cause of our explorations — a cause to which I have devoted much time and work, and for which I have made very heavy sacrifices,[1] and I know I told you how very highly I value your beloved and honored name in our list of American subscribers, which already includes Dr. O. W. Holmes and my good friend, James Russell Lowell. And I said therein how very dear some of your poetry was to me, and how, years ago, I robbed you of "Barbara Fritchie" for a volume of selected poetry that I compiled for Baron Tauchnitz's Series. More than this I cannot remember.

The fate of the letter is somewhat droll. My friend and invaluable coadjutor, the Revd W. C. Winslow, when he sent me a copy of your charming letter to himself, asked to be allowed to see a copy of my reply

[1] Miss Edwards's efforts to arouse interest in the Egyptian Exploration Fund were indeed exhausting, and undoubtedly hastened her death after her lecture tour in the United States in 1890.

to you. Instead of sending him a copy, I sent him the letter itself, addressed to you, and begged him, when he had read it, to post it. He overlooked this request, believed it to be a copy and his own, put it in a collection of autographs, and finally, but very reluctantly, yielded it to a lady who, on the strength of so worthless a gift, subscribed $10 to the Exploration Fund! Who the lady is I know not; but she has your letter.

Mr. Winslow is overwhelmed with contrition, and has begged me to write and explain. You, I am sure, will enjoy the comedy of the incident and the catastrophe of the ten-dollar lady, and will condone our friend's mistake.

Once more, I thank you for your much prized co-operation, and remain, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

Amelia B. Edwards.

From OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Beverly Farms, Mass.
Sept. 7th 1885.

My dear Whittier:

Thanks for your plenary absolution for the sin of publishing your private letter.[1] I am glad I did, for I have a right to the pleasure you speak of, that of seeing our names mentioned together. I had just sent a note down stairs, for the Post Office, directed to Rev. Charles Wingate, in reply to an invitation to be at the meeting where you are to see your old schoolmates[2] assembled. I am sorry that I cannot be there, but my letter will carry my best wishes.

As to Walt Whitman, some of his poems are among the most cynical instances of indecent exposure I recollect, outside of what is sold as obscene literature. But I said to myself just what you did to yourself — he served well in the cause of humanity and I do not grudge him a ten dollar bill, — so I sent word to Mr. Donaldson that I was ready with my subscription at any moment. You ask me for my advice. I am ashamed to advise a man like you, but we are told that it is a good thing to clothe the naked, and I remem-

[1] Whittier's birthday congratulations to Holmes, 8th mo, 27, 1885, turned on the remark an "innocent" made to Whittier's father, "I am glad you and I are alive." Holmes allowed the Boston *Transcript* to print the letter, Aug. 31, 1885, because it was "too agreeable to be kept as private property."

[2] The Reunion of the surviving students of the Haverhill Academy, 1827–30, at Haverhill, Sept. 10, 1885. *Poems*, 239.

ber that the good Samaritan set the lame traveller on his own ass.

Now Walt Whitman stands as stark naked before the public, in "Leaves of Grass" as nudity can disarray itself. We are not asked to set him on an ass, but to put him in a go-cart of some kind or other, which is nearly the same thing. I think it is a pleasant thing enough to do it and, though I have not made out a very logical case, I think you may honestly do it on the ground you mention.

Many thanks for your kind invitation to call on you at Oak Knoll. It is not impossible that I may come some day before I leave for Boston, but I shall let you know beforehand, and ask you if the time I fix is convenient for you, if I give myself the great pleasure of such a visit.

I hope you will enjoy the reunion with your old schoolmates.

Always affectionately yours,

O. W. Holmes.

To "THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT"[1]

A Word of Explanation

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I suppose it is a necessary consequence of one's notoriety of any kind to have all his words and acts regarded as public property and subjected to exaggeration and misrepresentation. Ordinarily one does not find it of much use to complain of this; but there are cases where it seems a matter of duty to make an explanation. A friend recently informed me that Walt Whitman of Newark, N. J. was in straitened circumstances, disabled and paralytic, and that an effort was being made to procure for him the means of exercise in the open air. I did not know him personally, and had but very slight knowledge of his writings, which, while indicating a certain virile vigor and originality, seemed to me often indefensible from a moral point of view.

But I had heard of his assiduous labors as a nurse in Union hospitals, and had read his tender tribute to the memory of President Lincoln, and with no idea of its being made a matter of publicity, gave my mite for the object to which my attention was called, stating at the same time my feeling in regard to some portions of Whitman's writings, and my wish for his own as well as the public's sake, for their expurgation. I should be extremely sorry to have a simple act of

[1] This letter seems to have been withheld by Whittier, as it has not been found in the *Transcript* of that period.

humanity on my part towards a suffering man regarded as sanctioning or excusing anything in his writings of an evil tendency.

With no wish to sit in judgment upon others, and making all charitable allowance possible for differences of temperament, education and association, I must confess to a strong dislike to what is sometimes called the sensual school of literature and art. My friend, Dr. Holmes, who was also a contributor, wishes me to say that his gift, like my own, was solely an act of kindness to a disabled author, implying no approval whatever of his writings.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Danvers, Mass.
[—— 1885]

From JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Deerfoot Farm,
Southborough, Mass.
11th Nov. 1886.

DEAR FRIEND:

(I am almost tempted to call you "dear old friend," since you insist on thinking yourself an aged man when nobody else would dream of calling you so.) Nothing could have pleased me more than a letter from you, unless it were such a letter as you wrote.

I am very glad you liked my poor speech. I should have done better, but that the Hawthorne episode[1] came to disturb me just as I had got under way. It was a shabby thing to do, but I don't think he knew how shabby it was. Had he reported me accurately, I should n't have minded so much, though even if he had, he could n't have given the context of tone, look and emphasis which make so large a part of speech. But it is done, and can't be mended. I am thankful to you for your sympathy, all the same.

I, too, wish we might meet. Perhaps some day I may run down to Amesbury (as I did with Bayard Taylor, ever so many years ago) to talk over old times. Meanwhile I am rejoiced to infer from your hand-

[1] The New York *World* had published an interview with Lowell, concerning which he wrote to the Boston *Advertiser*, Oct. 26, 1886, in part: "It never entered my head that the son of my old and honored friend was 'interviewing' me. If it had, he would have found me dumb."

writing (which is just what it was in early *Atlantic* days) that you are well, and am always,

Most heartily yours

J. R. Lowell

P. S. I was thoroughly glad that Harvard honored herself by putting you on her roll of honor.[1]

J. G. Whittier, LL.D.

[1] Harvard gave Whittier the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1886, when the 250th anniversary of its founding was celebrated.

From CHARLES C. CHASE[1]

Lowell, Mass. Nov. 18, 1887

My dear Friend:

It may interest you to know that Miss Elisabeth B. Livermore, half-sister of Harriet Livermore,[2] lives near me. She is a very feeble old lady now; her age, if I remember right, being 84 yrs. I had occasion to call upon her not many days since. I asked her if she had seen the Life of Harriet Livermore by Rev. Mr. Livermore, which was published three years since. Her reply was: "No, I have seen enough of her." This reply confirms what I had heard before, that Harriet was far from being loved by her younger sisters. Miss Elisabeth Livermore lives in a small half-house in Bartlett St. next door to my brother Samuel's house. Her life seems solitary, and she is all alone, and almost never has company. I think she is not happy in the families of her relatives. Her sister Caroline, Mrs. Judge J. G. Abbott of Boston, died a few months since. Her sister Sarah is the wife of John Lattemore, Esq. of Southbridge, Mass. and her sister Mary Jane is the wife of Hon. Daniel Saunders of Lawrence.

A Lowell lady recently told me that Harriet Livermore's father, Judge Livermore of Lowell, was a very hard man. She referred to his harsh nature. Last evening I heard a gentleman read in public from the manuscript diary of the celebrated Kirk Boott, first agent

[1] Charles C. Chase (1818–1900) was for many years a teacher in Lowell.

[2] Appendix M, page 286.

of our Merrimack Manufacturing Co., in which (in 1824) he says that Judge Livermore was afflicted with the gout, but still kept on "eating and drinking enough for two men." From these two remarks I judge that Harriet Livermore may not have had a kind and gentle father. (She lost her mother very early.) Home seems never to have had any attractions for her.

Before hearing the facts mentioned above, I had prepared an article upon "Harriet Livermore," after having seen Rev. Mr. Livermore's account of her, in which article I had in the mildest form suggested that you in "Snow-Bound" had not done full justice to the better part of her character. This article, prepared for our "Old Resident's Association," I did not read till last evening, and an abstract of my article appears in this morning's "Morning Mail."

This newspaper states, nearly in my own words, what I did say, and I inclose a slip cut from the paper in this letter, as also a few words cut from another paper. Since I prepared this article, I have somewhat modified my judgment of Harriet Livermore, from conversations which I have had with several persons who knew her, or knew of her. I am more inclined to the belief that you were just and fair in what you said of her in "Snow-Bound." Still I read my article as written, for I had used only very mild words.

The Lowell Chases are all well. I heartily congratulate you upon having, by the kindness of Heaven, completed eighty honorable and honored years of life. I, too, am hastening on in the swift race, not far behind you. In a few days I shall reach the allotted threescore years and ten. Very truly yours,

C. C. Chase.

From GEORGE F. HOAR

Washington, Jan. 20/88.

My dear Mr. Whittier:

I am told that the address of congratulation,[1] which was largely signed just before your birthday, has been delayed that some persons who desired, might have an opportunity to add their names, and will now be presented to you. I wish it were possible to let you know with what expressions of strong esteem and affection these signatures were accompanied. This was true, not only of Northern men and Republicans, but of old Democrats and slave holders as well.

In some cases the voice trembled with feeling, and the eye moistened. One Senator, a man whom I supposed to be hard and dry and absolutely without poetic emotion, told me that when he left his native State for the West, the only book he owned for several years was Whittier's poems.

But you are finding out in ten thousand ways how much your countrymen love and honor you. I can not begin to tell you how much inspiration and strength and stimulant you have been to me from my early boyhood.

I am faithfully yours,

Geo. F. Hoar.

[1] At the suggestion of Gen. Cogswell, Representative from the Essex County district, an address of congratulation on the completion of Whittier's eightieth year was prepared in Washington, and signed by Senators, Representatives, Justices of the Supreme Court, and men of note. The volume is now in the Whittier home at Amesbury.

From OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES[1]

Boston, April 5th, 1888.

MY DEAR WHITTIER:

I will not write to you on mourning paper, for you know how little significance there is to such symbols. I ought not to mourn that my dear wife was taken gently from my side before her mental change had reached that sad condition in which it too often ends. She was comely, sweet mannered, sweet tempered to the last. My weaning from her much loved companionship was very gradual, and I have been with her night and day, except during my brief visit to Europe, for all these years of her growing mental infirmity. I enjoyed forty five years of as happy married life as any mortals have a right to expect. As I look back over that long period, not a look or a word comes into my memory which left a sting or a wound after it.

We were fortunate enough to find an excellent and devoted companion for her, a widow lady to whom she very soon became attached, and who was all to her that a sister could have been.

You will be glad, I am sure, to know that my daughter, Mrs. Turner Sargent, is coming to live with me, having let her own beautiful house on the slope of Beacon Hill, overlooking the Common, and taking my noble water view in exchange.

[1] A similar letter addressed to Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, is in Morse, *Holmes*, ii, 263.

I shall do my best to find an interest in life, and I know that she will help me to pass the days which will often seem lonely in remembrance but are crowded with recollections which will come back to me more and more as the present grows dim and dreamy.

I shall send you a little book in the course of a week or two — but I do beg you to wait until we meet to thank me for it, for I know what it means to have to write a note about a friend's book.

I often think of you, and you may be sure that no one can recall you in memory without a glow of love and reverence, such as hardly another among all your fellow countrymen's names would call forth. Believe me,

Always faithfully and
lovingly yours,
O. W. Holmes.

From ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

The Philadelphia Inquirer
929 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia, Oct. 25, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR:

I thought it might not be unpleasant to you to receive the copy of the "Inquirer" of today, which I have marked and send you, showing the use made of your poem at a Republican mass meeting in the Academy last night.[1] I suppose I am responsible in

[1] Philip C. Garrett, in his speech supporting George W. Delamater for Governor, said: "As for me, stronger reasons than any that have been alleged will be required to draw me from my allegiance. I do not despair of the Republic. I do not despair under the continued leadership of the same beneficent party, of the ultimate conquest of every form of corruption and tyranny in our country. And I can say with the venerable poet Whittier in lines written this very summer:

'Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

'Thy lesson all the world shall learn,
The nations at thy feet shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain tops shall burn,
With watch-fires from thine own uplit.

'Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest; rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

'With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,

a measure for Mr. Garrett's mistake in saying that the poem was written this Summer. This error and the poem itself, and certain comments upon it, sent you at the time, were copied from the "Inquirer" into almost every Pennsylvania newspaper, shortly after the Mrs. Logan reception.

We are in the midst of a very warm political campaign in this State. The free traders of New York have taken a hand in Pennsylvania politics, as they have never done before. They have not usually attacked the tariff openly, but have confined their efforts to the most outrageous personal abuse of our candidate for Governor, Mr. Delamater, and United States Senator Quay. In the circulation of these scandals they have been assisted by the Democrats here and by a few persons who in former years were Republicans, but who through personal association with the Clevelands, or by reason of some personal grievance, or because they are free traders, are now helping the Democrats. The New York motive, of course, is to break down Senator Quay, a man of great ability who so successfully managed the National Republican campaign which ended in the election of President Harrison. The men who know Senator Quay personally and well, say that he is a man whose word is always fulfilled, a man of courage and wide culture with high ideal of personal conduct in his dealings with his fellow men. He is not a candidate at all, his term not expiring until 1893.

So runs our loyal dream of thee,
God of our fathers! make it true.' "

Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Oct. 25, 1890.

These lines, revised, are in "Our Country," *Poems*, 383.

I wish very much that in a general way, without entering into personalities, you could find it possible to write me something in advocacy of the tariff and of upholding the principles of the Republican party which I might print. Some of the Friends of Bucks County, and perhaps in Chester County, without being familiar with the details of the campaign, have, I fear, had their faith shaken by the wide circulation in the New York "World," which has been scattered broad cast throughout Pennsylvania, of the slanders against Senator Delamater, our candidate for Governor, and Senator Quay. These slanders have been emphatically denied, but there is danger, as was the case with Mr. Blaine and General Garfield, that they may drive away some Republican voters, and we need every Republican vote.

Such a letter from you, as I suggest, would be worth a great many stump speeches, particularly in Philadelphia, Bucks and Chester Counties and in the Muncy Valley where the Friends are strong. In these counties, local contests threaten to reduce our majority. If the people can be made to appreciate the importance of the National issue involved in our Gubernatorial election, they will give up their local differences and unitedly support the ticket.

Yours very truly

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

One of John Brown's sons took refuge in the home of Senator Delamater's father after the Harpers Ferry outbreak. The present candidate for Governor secretly supplied the refugee with food for some weeks. He was then a boy.

From EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

137 *West 78th Street,*
New York, December 18th 1890.

My dear, my beloved, Mr. Whittier:

On this afternoon of the day when my mother would have been 80 years old, I came home fatigued and sad, not knowing that you had provided for me the keenest pleasure I now have experienced for many a day, and certainly the highest honor that has come to me at any time. When Laura, my wife, handed me the copy of "Sundown" I saw tears in her eyes and a smile on her face. I am not ashamed to confess that before I had finished reading the exquisite inscription to E. C. S., and, what with weakness and surprise and gratitude and a rush of tender feelings, I was myself crying like a child.[1]

Indeed, I have grown old without having time to realize it, or to outgrow the selfsame thoughts with respect to you and your work that I had, when a youth in New England. You have put your hands upon my head and blessed me. No other hands, no other blessing, can be so dear to me, though other blessings come where one like yours has fallen.

No poet older than myself, except Bayard Taylor, has ever understood me as you have — or said to me

[1] "*At Sundown*" (Cambridge, 1890). One of an edition of fifty copies privately printed. Later editions contain minor changes. The dedication (*Poems*, 467) is to E. C. S[tedman], "Poet and friend of poets. . . ."

such words as you have said from time to time. Perhaps my own lack of such warmth from above has made me a little the more thoughtful of those still younger who care for a word even from me. I think your voluntary letter, some years ago, when I wrote the Concord poem, was worth more to me than any words I ever heard before. But as for this crowning grace — I can only send you these broken expressions of an over full heart. I am sensibly touched beyond words.

I made it rather a point, dear Mr. Whittier, not to write you on your birthday. I feared you would feel moved to answer me, and I knew you would know that your 83^{d} anniversary was remembered in my house. Little did I think how you had borne me in your heart and mind. Stay with us yet, is the prayer to-night of

Your grateful and attached friend,

Edmund C. Stedman.

To MISS PHEBE WOODMAN, OAK KNOLL

[*Amesbury, June* —, 1892.]
Second Day Morning.

DEAR PHEBE:

I meant to have gone to Oak Knoll today, but I am suffering with a bad headache, and must defer it until I feel better. I think I must have taken cold in this hot weather in some way, though I tried to be careful. I suppose thy mother and Aunt Caroline are at Goffstown or Manchester, or are about to be there (on business I suppose.) I am sorry you could not accept Mrs. Hollingsworth's invitation. Lizzie Pickard writes that it is very hot at Yearly Meeting. I am glad I did not try to go there though I was anxious to meet Dr. Thos. Chase[1] there, to have some talk with him about writing my biography which he has consented to do in connexion with Mr Pickard, who will aid him in obtaining material and facts etc. I wish for my part that nothing of the kind should be written.[2]

I wish I was at Oak Knoll this hot day; it is as hot there as here, but the sight of green fields and trees seems to make heat less severe. I am sure the garden is greatly improved, and the roses must be, some of them at least, in bloom. The climbing roses under my window are in full blossom and the flowers look in upon me. The laburnum is also doing well,

[1] See Appendix L, p. 284. [2] Appendix N, p. 289.

and the cut-leaf birches at the end of the garden are large and handsome. There is a small patch of strawberries, a rare kind from Gen. Cogswell's, which are just ripening. The old white rose, a slip from Aunt Jones' rose bush more than 100 years old, is budded.

As soon as I feel able to, I shall go to Oak Knoll. The very hot weather keeps me in doors. To-day is the hottest of all. Love [to] you all.

Aff.

J. G. W.

To MISS CAROLINE C. JOHNSON, OAK KNOLL[1]

Hampton Falls, N. H.
Aug. 28, 1892.

DEAR CAROLINE:

I feared there might be some doubt about the title of the Alaska Mission,[2] and am glad the money raised is safe in the Bank. But I hope now the legal rights of the Mission land ownership will be fully investigated and definitely settled. I wrote to the correspondent or clerk of the New Wilmington Yearly Meeting, urging the needs and claims of the Mission. The Friends there are poor but active and zealous, and want to do something, and they will do all they can.

The great change in the weather has been hard for me, and I have not felt so well as before, but there are indications of fair weather to-day. The pilgrims and reporters have found me out, and I am still annoyed by them. I enclose some verses I wrote for Dr. Holmes' Birthday.[3] Rather poor and weakish, but I

[1] The last letter Whittier wrote to Oak Knoll. Three days later he was taken ill, and died September 7, 1892, at Hampton Falls, N. H.

[2] Whittier's cousins, with whom he made his home, became interested while travelling on the Pacific Coast, in a Friends' Mission to the Indians at Juneau, Alaska. On their return Whittier with others contributed to its support. Unfortunately the building was on land with a defective title, and serious loss ultimately resulted.

[3] Two days before writing this letter, he had sent Dr. Holmes a

wanted to remember him on the occasion. Tell Phebe I shall write her soon. Aff.

J. G. W.

copy of the verses, his birthday being August 29th, the last work Whittier did. Pickard, *Whittier*, 763.

"Climbing a path which leads back never more
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;
Now face to face, we greet him standing here
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore."

"O. W. Holmes on his Eightieth Birthday," *Poems*, 473.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A (See page 5)

WHITTIER'S "EDITORIAL CREED," 1830

It seems probable that Whittier knew, when he was writing to his mother, that the publishers of the *Review* were considering appointing him permanent editor, and that his wish that he might tell the good news may have imparted the eager tone to his letter. The issue of the *Review* for the next week, Sept. 20, 1830, announces the appointment, and contains the new editor's "creed," which is here printed through the courtesy of the Trustees of the Haverhill Public Library, in whose possession there are four numbers of the paper.

"To the Patrons of the N. E. Review.

. . . I consented to take charge of the Review during the absence of its Editor to the West, for a short time only, and without intention of taking upon myself the responsibility of the paper, or of giving a character to it, essentially different from that which it had acquired under the management of my predecessor. . . .

Circumstances have since placed me in a different attitude in regard to the Review and its patrons; — and, as our intercourse may prove of longer duration than I had imagined, I shall briefly explain my editorial creed.

I am opposed to the present Administration. I disapprove of most of its important acts; — it has more than realized the darkest anticipations of those who opposed it; it has broken the faith of treaties; — it has punished integrity, and rewarded servility and treachery; — it has assailed the American System, indirectly indeed, but still with the manifest intention of destroying it; — it has scattered the seeds

of political and moral corruption abroad among the people; — it has given the enemies of our free institutions an occasion of rejoicing, and has filled the heart of the patriot with fearful forebodings of the future.

I need not say that I am the advocate of the election of HENRY CLAY to the next Presidency. I espoused his cause with a firm belief that it was my duty to do so. I have seen nothing as yet to induce a contrary opinion. I shall continue to use my best endeavors to promote his election, believing, in the sincerity of my heart, that in so doing, I shall best subserve the interests of the public.

I shall endeavor to aid the cause of morality and rational religion. A great moral revolution is going on around us, the voice of public opinion is growing louder and louder, and already the strongholds of Vice are shaking to its responses, like the walls of Jericho to the sound of the trumpet. I shall seek to promote this glorious revolution. I trust I shall never so far prostitute the intellect which God has given me, as to become the apologist of immorality and irreligion, whatever shape they may assume, or under whatever name they may appear.

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

It is to be noted that, as Whittier became of age Dec. 17, 1828, he had yet to cast his first vote for President or a member of Congress.

APPENDIX B

THE GRIMKÉ SISTERS AT AMESBURY

(See page 50)

When Whittier made this inquiry he was disturbed, and the circumstances reveal his sound judgment, for older heads were losing sight of the main issue. The Grimké sisters, Sarah and Angelina, at this time were in Amesbury. These young women, born in South Carolina of a slaveholding family, had reasoned out for themselves that slavery was wrong, but, finding no sympathy at home, had come North and were now speaking in public against it. That women should speak at all in public, had called from the ministers, assembled at Brookfield, Mass., the formal declaration in which were two propositions, first, that slavery should not be forced into the churches as a subject for debate, and second, that public discussion by women was dangerous to the female character. This declaration prompted Whittier's "Pastoral Letter" (*Poems*, 276), in which he speaks of

> "the thrilling tale
> Of Carolina's high-souled daughters."

The sisters were arousing so much interest by their charm of manner and their forceful thought, that they were literally carrying all before them. "Such was the overpowering influence with which they swept the churches that men did not remember the dogma of women keeping silence, until after they were gone." Whittier, appreciating possible complications, wrote the sisters from New York, 14th of 8th Mo. 1837 (Birney, *The Grimké Sisters*, 203), urging them to confine their arguments to immediate emancipation, because "those who subscribe money to the Anti-Slavery Society, do

it in the belief that it will be spent in the propagation, not of Quakerism or Presbyterianism, but of the doctrines of 'Immediate Emancipation.' To employ an agent who devotes half his time and talents to the propagation of 'no human or family government' doctrines in connection — intimate connection — with the doctrines of abolition, is a fraud upon the patrons of the cause." Moreover he criticized Garrison, saying that "if he fills his paper with Grahamism and no governmentism, he defrauds his subscribers," though he "knows that brother Garrison does not look at it in this light."

But they had already reached Amesbury, and were guests in the Whittier home. They had lectured twice the preceding week, and on one evening they had been interrupted by two young men of Amesbury, John S. Page and Amos Morrill, who had been in the South, one as a doctor, and the other as a teacher. These men contended that the condition of the slave was no worse than that of the Northern mill operative or farm workman, and they challenged the sisters to a public debate. This occurred the next week, and again two evenings were devoted to the subject, July 17 and 19, 1837. The topic assigned was "Are the slave laws of the United States contrary to God's law?" The men justified slavery by Bible texts, while the women dwelt on the demoralization resulting from slavery. At the close of the second day, Angelina Grimké read a letter, written by a young woman named Churchill, signed "A Free Woman of Amesbury," indignantly repelling the suggestion of slavery in the North.

In the following letter[1] from Whittier to Theodore D. Weld, written over forty years later, reference is made to one of the disputants, Morrill, who had been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas by the Brigadier-General commanding that State under the Reconstruction Act of 1867, serving until 1870. The memorial mentioned was a volume written by Weld in memory of the sisters, one of whom, Angelina, he married.

[1] In possession of John Albree.

Amesbury, 9th Mo., 14, 1880.

Dear Theodore:

How glad I am to get a line from thee! I had just been writing answers to letters from Robt. Purvis and Enoch Mack, (two surviving signers of the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833) when I received thine. And I told them of thee and our dear friend Sewall.

It is possible that the memorial of thy dear wife and her sister was sent to Danvers in my absence, as I spend part of my time there, and was laid aside by my cousins, and lost sight of in the multitude of books and papers with which the house is filled. I shall be at Danvers next week and will make a thorough search, and notify thee of the result.

How well I remember dear Angelina's visit here, when she first came to New England, the brave, beautiful, young woman! How we all admired and loved her. Judge Morrill of the Supreme Court of Texas, is now in this place, and we talk of her debate with him in this village more than 40 years ago. He says he felt then that she had the right of the argument, and that he always remembered her with profound respect. In the Rebellion Judge M. was true to the Union and risked his life for it.

God bless and keep thee, dear Theodore! We are near the great mystery. We can only trust, and wait — trust, not in our own goodness, but in that of Him, who is the source of all goodness and love and compassion.

Always thy affectionate friend,

John G. Whittier.

APPENDIX C

SOME ANTI-SLAVERY WORKERS (See page 55)

The association of these three names shows how closely Elizabeth was following her brother in his work. Of Mrs. Chapman Whittier wrote, June, 1878:—

"Mrs. Chapman was an early and strenuous worker in the anti-slavery cause, and I give her full credit for it. I understand well how she failed to comprehend and appreciate the labors of [Wm. Ellery Channing], and of every other man who, while perilling all in the service of freedom, could bid Godspeed to those outside of party who were yet doing something in their own way for the cause, and could make allowance for those who failed to see their duty clearly and who hesitated to pronounce our shibboleth. I am sorry, for her sake, that she has kept her old prejudices and misconceptions alive to this day." (Pickard, *Whittier*, 643.)

In 1839 Mrs. Chapman published "Right and Wrong in Massachusetts," in which she relates the disagreements and conflicts among those who were working for the slave. She is extravagant, both in praise and censure. She quotes with approval a speech of J. T. Woodbury:—

"A Virginia Christian slave holder comes here, and appeals to us about the Virginia State Bible Society to send the Bible to the extreme ends of the earth. Why don't he give the Bible to his own slaves then, and teach them to read it, before he asks for our money to help him send Bibles to the slaves in sin in distant lands? Why, his very Bibles he sends to the Hindoo, are bought with the blood and souls of his slaves. It is dividing the gains of hell with God. If this is Christianity, well might the heathen say, God defend us from Christianity."

What prompted Elizabeth Whittier's inquiry as to Woodbury's appointment, since this extract shows him to have been an outspoken and zealous advocate of the slave, was that at this moment Woodbury and Garrison were at variance. Woodbury's letter of criticism of Garrison and his methods had been printed in the *Liberator*, and Garrison, by way of refutation, had reprinted the speech of Woodbury's. The points of difference were largely such as should have been settled quietly and definitely by the managers, instead of being allowed to be subjects for discussion and general strife. For instance, how could it advance the freedom of the slave, if the name of a Boston minister was printed for several weeks as that of a possible slaveholder, because he had not read from his pulpit a notice of an anti-slavery meeting?

Woodbury was later settled for many years over a Congregational church at Milford, Mass. There he established a lasting reputation as an aggressive, determined, earnest man of high character and worth. (Ballou, *Milford*, 1134.)

Abby Kelly, later Mrs. Foster, was a teacher in Lynn, and was already showing herself to be a woman of strong individuality. In Garrison's account of the meeting in Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia, just before it was burned by the mob, he wrote of her as "a noble young woman from Lynn." Her speech so affected Theodore D. Weld that, at the close of the meeting, he urged her to take the field as an anti-slavery lecturer; and "laying his hand on her shoulder, he said in his vehement way, 'Abby, if you don't, God will smite you.' She obeyed his voice, and her own internal promptings, in the spring of 1839." (*Garrison*, ii, 216.)

APPENDIX D

H. C. WRIGHT (See page 55)

In Henry Clarke Wright (1797–1870), who is mentioned rather slightingly in several letters, is illustrated a type of the people with whom Whittier had to do, when a secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. At the date of this letter, Wright was completing his labors in Essex County as an agent of the Society, having been ordered to Pennsylvania. During July he had been in charge of the movements of the Grimké sisters, arranging for and participating in the meetings, and then reporting them at length for the *Liberator*. Holding a license from Andover Theological Seminary, he had preached in West Newbury, 1826–33, and in 1835 he had joined the anti-slavery movement. Instead of confining himself to presenting the cause of abolitionism, he would declaim on his peculiar notions of family government and the promotion of universal peace. As he had a surplus of energy and a deficiency of tact, he was frequently a centre of commotion. In October, 1837, the Society felt constrained to dispense with his further services because he refused to confine himself to the anti-slavery work, for which he was paid. At times in later years, he was of great help to Garrison, whose words of approval are recorded in his *Life*.

From 1818 to 1870 Wright kept a combined note-book and diary, seventy-one volumes of which are now, by gift of Wendell Phillips, in the Boston Public Library. These books vary in size and shape. In them he recorded at length and in detail his thoughts and his deeds, and though the record is necessarily personal, it reveals something of the life and work of the agents of the Anti-Slavery Society, for whose movements Whittier was in part responsible. These agents were paid a salary of about $600 a year, but they were ex-

pected to collect enough for their own expenses. This resulted frequently in their being entertained without charge by local friends of the cause, wherever they spoke. Wright recorded each day at whose house he was cared for, and also the names of the people he met. The record of one day deserves extended mention, for a cause that could call for such expenditure of time and strength, both by the agents and the supporters, as the day's story shows, had great power behind it, and the fact that the result was so long delayed, reveals also the strength of that which it opposed.

The entry for July 19, 1837, begins with three texts, one each in Hebrew, Greek, and English. Then came the walk to Amesbury, to see the Grimkés at the Whittier home, where Wright planned out the argument for the evening's discussion, the heads of which he gives in full. Leaving there, he walked to Bradford, six miles, where he was entertained at the house of Gardner B. Perry. He wrote a letter of 1100 words to Prof. Crosby of Dartmouth College, which he copied verbatim in the diary, for those were not the days of copying ink or carbon paper. He lectured two hours in the evening "to a goodly number" on the annexation of Texas, and then ends the record thus: "Walked 15 miles today and lectured two hours. Much exhausted, but the Lord has sustained me." The next day he walked home, and wrote an account of the Grimké sisters' labors for the *Liberator*, in which it duly appeared.

As Wright made the arrangements as to places and dates for the Grimkés' addresses, the record in his diary of the Amesbury debate may have a personal coloring, but still it can be cited: —

"On the part of the sisters the discussion was managed most adroitly, especially the last evening. I have never met with souls in the form of women like unto the souls of Sarah and Angelina. They are truly intellectual and moral beings, subject only to their God. They command one's respect and admiration, not as women only, but as immortals."

APPENDIX E

THE ORIGIN OF WHITTIER'S ILL HEALTH

(See page 63)

"The nature of the mysterious malady [*eye-strain*] which afflicted Whittier was never suspected by himself, his friends, or his physicians. It was the same in the cases of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, Browning, Spencer, Parkman, George Eliot, Lewes, Mrs. Carlyle, Margaret Fuller, Nietzsche, and Wagner. As one gathers to a focus the extracts concerning the ill-health of each, the truth bursts on the view except of those who do not wish to see it." (*Biographic Clinics*, 261.)

"To one who had not heard from many patients the tale of their sufferings exactly like that of Whittier, and who had not observed in them the same results of self-scrutiny, exhaustion, and sensitiveness, the fact of his daily concern and emphasis of pain, might itself seem morbid. But the sympathetic oculist will make no such mistake. There is no disease more terrible in its intensity of pain, more likely to crush out virility and morale, than this agonizing affection. Had Whittier not been essentially of the heroic type, a Friend who by ancestry, faith, and nurture had not been predestined to quiet valor and endurance, the pain he suffered would not have left him his heart of healthy and sunny manliness. Pity for his sad lot by those who know what he endured, is in reality heightened." (*Ibid.*, 265.) "All the newspapers that Whittier edited had to be abandoned because the editor could not carry on his literary work. He had to renounce the great duty of anti-slavery reform for which his heart and head had fitted him, and his predestined rôle of statesman had also to be abandoned, — all due to eyestrain. Retiring to the farm and

the life of a valetudinarian, even his beautiful poetic endowment was denied proper outlet because he could not write and study as he should have done." (*Ibid.*, 355.)

So writes Dr. George M. Gould, editor of *American Medicine*, about Whittier in the second of the five volumes, *Biographic Clinics; Influence of Visual Function on Health*, the subtitle of the volume being "The Origin of the Ill Health of George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Wagner, Parkman, Jane Welch Carlyle, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Nietzsche." (Philadelphia; Blakiston, 1904.)

The plan of the writer is to collect the references to the ill health, made either by the subject or his friends, and on these to base his diagnosis. With such statements about Whittier he fills eight pages.

APPENDIX F

WHITTIER TO ELIZUR WRIGHT, JR.

(Wright's Reply, page 65)

The "kind and wise letter" of Whittier's, dated at Amesbury, 25th, 3d Mo., 1840, is printed in full in Pickard, *Whittier as a Politician* (Goodspeed, 1900), 16. He advised strongly against making any nominations at this convention, and outlined the course for it to follow: —

"One word in regard to the convention at Albany. I am glad it has been called; it is proper that the great question should be discussed, and that abolitionists should be exhorted to maintain their integrity. But credit me, for I know, that *nine tenths of the voting abolitionists* (and *all* the non-voting of course) will be opposed to a *nomination* at this time. Besides, you can find nobody to stand the abuse, misrepresentation and Indian warfare which will be waged against them. . . . It will be folly to put men in nomination, and then have them come out in the papers and decline; and any man who is worthy of such a nomination will most assuredly do so. . . .

"Let your convention settle the question that it is right and proper to use political action for the overthrow of slavery; that independent nominations are a legitimate means of carrying our principles into the politics of the country; that Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison are unworthy of the support of abolitionists; that it is better in this case to forego the privilege of voting on the Presidential question altogether than to sacrifice the interests of freedom by aiding in the election of an enemy to the cause. . . .

"Take high ground as you please on the duty of exercising our rights and privileges as citizens, and commend to the serious consideration of abolitionists the question whether

the time has not arrived when duty to the slave requires of us to take an unflinching, uncompromising stand, independent of caucus and party. But do not *gratify your enemies* by making any nomination. *It will not be voted by one half of the men who now profess to be in favor of it.* Immediately after the Presidential election let a convention be called; you will then have *only* the non-resistant non-voters to oppose you."

The ticket nominated at the convention, Birney and Earle, received but 7369 votes. Lack of organization, the difficulties attendant on a third party, and divisions among the anti-slavery people contributed to the result. James G. Birney, who was in Europe when nominated, was a man of strong, clear, calm mind whose personality would appeal to the members of the Liberty party, for through the death of his father he had succeeded to a half interest in an estate consisting of money and slaves. He took the slaves in his portion, allowing his co-heir $20,000 for them, and then freed them all.

APPENDIX G (See page 74)

JOHN NEAL

John Neal, whose peculiar characteristics M. F. Whittier has aptly portrayed, preserved a pathetic letter from John G. Whittier, written before he was twenty-one, in *Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life* (1869), 337. In writing of the beginning of *The Yankee*, a magazine published by him at Portland, Neal says: —

"While burning its way into public favor I had for contributors from all parts of the country such men as Chief Justice Appleton, whose first published writings appeared in 'The Yankee,' John G. Whittier who began his career with me, I believe . . . Edgar A. Poe and half a hundred, more or less, of writers who have since become distinguished. Poe sent his first poems to 'The Yankee.' . . . And as for Whittier, I have just fished up a letter of his, which I had entirely forgotten, dated '10th Mo. 1828,' and showing on what terms we were forty years ago. A part of it ran thus: —

"'My dear Neal, I have just written something for your consideration. You dislike, — I believe you do at least, — the blank verse of our modern poets and poetesses. Nevertheless I send you a long string of it. If you dislike it, say so privately and I will quit poetry, and everything else of a literary nature, for I am sick at heart of the business. . . . Insult has maddened me. The friendless boy has been mocked at; and, years ago, he vowed to triumph over the scorners of his boyish endeavors. With the unescapable sense of wrong burning like a volcano in the recesses of his spirit, he has striven to accomplish this vow, until his heart has grown weary in the struggle . . .'

"Of course I wrote a most encouraging letter in reply;

for he persisted until he has become one of the glories of our upper sky . . ."

Following this incident further; there is in the Haverhill Public Library a letter from Whittier in which he uses this one of his boyhood as the theme of a delightful expression of sympathy to some one who must remain unknown, as the letter was acquired by the Library in the auction room. By permission of the Trustees, it is here printed: —

Oak Knoll, 3rd Mo. 18, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND,

Thy letter, sent to the Winthrop House [Boston], has at last reached me, and I am sorry for the annoyances of which it tells. When I saw thy little epistle to the Ed. of ——, I feared it would be the source of some trouble to thee. Mr. —— should not have published it. It gave an opportunity for mischief and misunderstanding. I do not see any way to avoid this, but it will be forgotten in a short time.

I made, when I was beginning authorship, a somewhat similar mistake. My verses were not saleable, and I was unjustly, as I thought, criticized in the papers; and in a rather desperate mood, while writing to John Neal, Editor of the Portland Yankee, I made complaints of non-recognition, etc. It was a private letter, but it eventually got into print, much to my mortification. It is best, when one feels as I did, to keep still, or put one's head in the cupboard and speak there.

I do not see what I can do or say which would not have the effect to keep the matter alive. Let it die out as it already has well nigh done.

I have been under the doctor's hand for a long time, and have hardly strength to write absolutely necessary letters. "The Spring comes slowly up this way," and I cannot get much comfort from these bitter March days. I hope thee have recovered from thy cold.

Don't worry any more about that little matter. It will all blow over, and thee will wonder that it ever troubled thee.

Always thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

APPENDIX H

WHITTIER TO SUMNER (Sumner's Reply, page 101)

From *Letter Books of Charles Sumner*, Harvard College Library.

Amesbury, 10*th* 7*th mo.* 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:

The following paper has been signed in this place by 120 of our citizens, Whigs, Democrats and Liberty men:

"Free Soil and Free Labor,

The undersigned citizens of Amesbury and Salisbury being in favor of the extension of the Anti-Slavery Ordinance of 1787 over the territory acquired from Mexico, and for union of the people of the Free States of all parties to effect that object, hereby invite Chas. Sumner, Esq. of Boston to address them on the subject as soon as his convenience will permit."

It is proper to state that nearly all to whom the paper was shown, signed it without hesitation and there can be no question but that two thirds of our legal voters in the two towns would unite with it.

Will thee not drop me a line informing me when thou canst come! Fix, if possible, an *early day*. The cars run up here from Boston just in season for an evening meeting, and go out again in the morning early enough to take thee back before business hours.

Very cordially thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Come directly to my place. I want to talk with thee about the present posture of matters. J. G. W.

APPENDIX I

WHITTIER TO SUMNER (Sumner's Reply, page 121)

From *Letter Books of Charles Sumner*, Harvard College Library.

Amesbury, 15*th* 11*th Mo.* 1853.

My dear Friend:

We are defeated, as I expected, after Cushing's Edict appeared. I knew that we could not cope with the money of Boston and the patronage of Washington combined.

This must be the end of *coalition*, except on anti-slavery grounds. I wash my hands of it henceforth. It becomes us now to take our stand on the old platform, with *inexorable firmness*. Let us palter no more: let us lift up the standard of principle and invite all who are sick of the rule of the slave power, to join us, in open and manly opposition to it. So doing, I verily believe our defeat will be our gain. I do hope our friends of the State Committee will see the matter in this light and take bold ground. It would be worse than folly, longer to court an unwilling and wavering old time democr[acy]. Let it go and reap the fruit of its doings. *We* have something worth contending for: let us have faith in our principles and be willing to follow them into a minority for the present. We have lost nothing. We are to-d[ay] what we were yesterday. Courage, faith, perseverance! — with these all will be well.

I was glad to see thy bro. George. I liked him much. His lecture was universally admired.

Write me soon and

believe cordially and ever thy friend,

J. G. Whittier.

Wilson gets a noble vote,—some 1500 or 2000 more than Hale last year. Up to the time of Cushing's letter, I had little doubt of his being Governor.

APPENDIX J

WHITTIER TO SUMNER (Sumner's Reply, page 128)

From *Letter Books of Charles Sumner*, Harvard College Library.

Amesbury, 11*th Mo.* 12, 1856.

My dear Sumner,

If I have not written thee often during the last few months, it has been owing to no lack of interest in thy welfare, or of sympathy in thy sufferings for the Good Old Cause. I have not felt at liberty to trouble thee with letters, of which I feared thou hadst far too many for thy comfort. I knew that all I could say, would be but a feeble and inadequate expression of the feeling which wells up in my heart, whenever I think of thee.

I can understand, dear S., that mere bodily suffering has been but a small part of thy trial. I can well understand (for in some measure I have long felt it) the pain which an earnest spirit feels when obliged to stand still, while the battle for Human Freedom is in suspense. During the late momentous campaign I have been utterly unable to do anything effective or commensurate with my interest in it. What I could do, I have done. And for thyself, thy denunciation of the Crime against Kansas has burdened all the winds — thy very absence has spoken for thee: and the words of cheer and counsel which have been sent from time to time from thy retirement, have been potent instrumentalities in awakening the North.

The result of the election has not disappointed me. It is in fact, better than I dared to hope. Every way considered, is it not better than we had a right to expect? If we can hold what we have gained, our victory is only delayed for four years. For me, so far from repining, I bow in grateful

acknowledgment to the Divine Providence which has given me in this canvas, as from the top of Pisgah, a glimpse of the Canaan of Freedom.

My chief present anxiety is for Kansas. All looks dark there, but God is over all, and He can turn and overturn, until His right is established. It is barely possible however, that policy may dictate to the managers of the President-elect, a more decent course of action as respects Kansas, through fear of losing what little hold they still retain on the free States. Nothing will contribute more to this than a determination, manifested at once by the friends of freedom, to hold their own, and press forward to new victories, by reorganising in every section of the free States on the principle of the Phild[l]. Platform. We have found that the name of *Frémont* is a spell of power, and we must use it. With it we can keep our many-sided host together. Americans, Republicans and adopted citizens are united in his favor.

But enough of such matters; I want to say a word to thee as an old friend. Do not leave home for Washington, until thy health is more fully established. Congress will do nothing for the first month, and the remaining two will not witness any important action, so far as the Senate is concerned. Massachusetts, God bless her! loves her son too well to require him to hazard his health by a premature resumption of his duty. Patience, patience; then dear S. remember that "They also serve who wait."

Do not trouble thyself to answer this, but think of me as

Ever and affectionately,
thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER

My Mother and sister wish to add th[eir] kind remembrance.

I am delighted with thy eulog[y of] Wilson. How very nobly he has borne himself! Burlingame's re-election rejoices us all.

APPENDIX K

WHITTIER TO SUMNER (Sumner's Reply, page 180)

From *Letter Books of Charles Sumner*, Harvard College Library.

Amesbury, 6*th mo.* 12, 1872.

My dear Sumner,

Thanks for thy letter. I needed no assurance on thy part that thy speech was an honest one and inspired by a sense of duty. And yet I am sorry for some parts of it, as I think the effect would have been better if it had been less severe. I enclose a note to the "Transcript." I think already a reaction has here commenced, and many who denounced the speech strongly, now feel that after all, the charges it makes have not been disproved. Indeed, I have not much doubt that, if thy election as Senator were pending in Mass^{tts} at this very time, there w^{d} be a majority in thy favor, for I presume the great body of the Democrats would sustain thee, and the old Liberty party men are not all gone over by any means.

Always affectionately,
thy friend,
John G. Whittier

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH

Letter from John G. Whittier

Amesbury 6, 5*th Mo*, 1872

To the Editor of the Transcript:

In the "Evening Transcript," which has just come to hand, I notice a paragraph professing to give my views of

the late speech of Senator Sumner. My individual opinions in the matter are of small consequence to the public, but if presented at all, I prefer to give them in my own way. As regards the senior Senator of Massachusetts I have no change of opinion to record. I have not forgotten his long and brilliant services in the cause of freedom and the best interests of his country and mankind. I know him well. I have stood side by side with him for thirty years, and it requires something more than a mistake on his part to make me desert an old friend. I confess that I have seen with some impatience men, whose Republicanism seems mainly to consist in their readiness to grasp the spoils of a victory won in a great measure by others, maligning, insulting and displacing a man whose integrity, intellect and acquirements are a standing reproach to themselves. I am no blind advocate of Senator Sumner, or any other man. I expect to see faults and frailities, and to grieve over the mistakes of those I love and respect. I regret the late speech, as it exposes the author to the charge of personal resentment, and because it seems to me unduly severe in its tone and temper. The Republicans of Massachusetts may, and probably will, dissent from its conclusions through the press and at the ballot box, but they have no occasion to question his sincerity, or to charge him with abandoning any of the great principles which he has so nobly asserted, and for which he has suffered more than martyrdom.

Very truly thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

APPENDIX L

THOMAS CHASE (See pages 237 and 257)

Thomas Chase, born in Worcester, Mass., 1827, a graduate of Harvard, 1848, became a professor in Haverford College, 1856, and its president in 1874. He resigned in 1886, and died but a few weeks after Whittier in 1892, so that what Whittier planned (Whittier's letter, page 257), that Chase should write his biography, could not be accomplished. It is not improbable that in the subject of this letter, Chase's oration, "Whittier as a Poet," the reason for Whittier's wish may be discerned.

A portrait of Whittier was given to the Friends School, Providence, by Charles F. Coffin of Lynn, and Thomas Chase was chosen to deliver the oration at the exercises of presentation, 10th mo. 24th, 1884. After defining the poet as one who sees, feels and gives voice to what is deepest, best and truest in nature and in life, and furthermore as one who pleads for and inspires to search for the good and the true, Dr. Chase quoted freely in illustration from Whittier's verse.

But the conclusion dealt with the man, Whittier, in words that commended themselves especially to him who was the centre of the thought that day: —

"It is an honorable title which will cling to Whittier in distant generations — that of 'The Quaker Poet.' And if I am not mistaken, some of the best characteristics of our bard are derived from the gentle sect in which he was reared, and which he so truly loves. The meditative mind, the calm introspection, the love of nature and the love of man, the native refinement, which seems inborn in Quaker blood, and the moral indignation launching words that are half battles

against the wrong, and fighting in the fierce but bloodless warfare of reform at the same time that it rings the Christian bells of peace: all these, so characteristic of Whittier, are characteristic of the Friend." (President Chase's Oration, 39.)

As to Dr. Chase himself, the record of those who knew him best is: —

"A new era dawned upon Haverford with the advent of Thomas Chase. It would be superfluous to speak of his high scholarship and varied attainments; the experiences of the many students who have received his instruction, the testimony of many learned men, the evidence given by his edition of the Classics, and his services upon the Committee on the Revision of the New Testament, combine to establish these." [1]

Through such a man Whittier felt that his life's work could find its best interpreter, for not only were Chase's intellectual attainments high, but, especially and above all, was he a Friend with whom Whittier could be "in unity."

[1] *History of Haverford College*, 249 (with portrait, 576).

APPENDIX M

HARRIET LIVERMORE (See page 247)

The researches of S. T. Livermore in his "Harriet Livermore, the Pilgrim Stranger," as well as of C. C. Chase in his paper, reprinted in the Lowell *Mail*, Nov. 18, 1887, and of Sidney Perley in the Essex *Antiquarian*, v, 7 (1901), give the main facts in the life of this brilliant, unfortunate woman, who through Whittier's delineation has become a permanent character in literature.

The granddaughter of a Chief Justice and U. S. Senator, Samuel Livermore, and a daughter of Edward St. Loe Livermore who from 1807 to 1811 was a member of Congress from Massachusetts, she was born in Concord, N. H., in 1788. Early deprived by death of a mother's guiding and restraining care, her peculiarities became emphasized, though she had good educational advantages, and during her father's service she entered into Washington social life, where she attained a position possible to one naturally gifted. A love affair, terminated through the interference of the young man's family in 1811, still further complicated an already turbulent career. The young man entered the U. S. naval service as a surgeon in the War of 1812, and died in 1822 at Pensacola, having never returned to his home in the Merrimac Valley.

Her energies were then turned to the exposition of the Bible and its truths, as she in her zeal saw them. The exhorting at a schoolhouse prayer meeting and the dancing at a Washington ball room, attributed to her in the introduction to "Snow-Bound," were at different periods in her life. The charge of flippancy, there suggested, is baseless, for she was too positive a character to act from whims. Her failings were rather due to the conflict of purposes.

In 1827 and again in 1832, she preached in the House of Representatives at Washington, President John Quincy Adams having been present on the first occasion. She had by this time acquired a reputation as a lecturer, and relied on the income from that source for her support. On one of her tours Whittier was put to some annoyance in Philadelphia in securing for her a hall and an audience, the financial returns however being meagre.

The evidence collected by Samuel Livermore shows that she could not have "lived some time with Lady Hester Stanhope . . . on the slope of Mt. Lebanon," so that the story of the quarrel over the strangely marked horses is without foundation, and there is grave doubt if they ever met at all. Four or five times Harriet Livermore went to Jerusalem, ever pursued with the thought of the Lord's immediate return at that place, and as her financial resources were always scanty, she endured many privations.

To such a personality a peaceful and serene old age could never come. The capacity for making and keeping friends diminished, and her last years were moreover embittered by poverty, due, she alleged, to the misdeeds of others. She died in the County Hospital at Philadelphia in 1868, aged nearly eighty.

She wrote and printed much, both prose and verse. In 1824 she published a small volume, a copy of which is in the Haverhill Public Library, "Scriptural Evidence in favour of Female Testimony in meetings for Christian Worship, in Letters to a Friend" (Portsmouth, 1824). From the title it is to be inferred that she had been reminded of the Pauline injunction as to the silence of women.

In the Boston Public Library is another of her books which contains the maiden name of Mrs. Wendell Phillips as the owner: "A Testimony for the Times, by Harriet Livermore. New York; published for the authoress. Piercy & Reed, 1843" (pp. 249). There is shown a remarkable familiarity with the Bible on the part of the writer, but the reason-

ing does not carry conviction, as the style is diffuse and the points vague. One sentence will suffice (p. 191): —

"The gauntlet is thrown — it is into a stinking age — catch it, infidel, and come to the fight. I am very jealous for the *Lord God* of hosts; and declare war on behalf of the Commonwealth of Israel, for the right of the house of David, and David's Lord."

On the flyleaf of this book is pinned a leaflet containing a piece of her religious verse of four stanzas, which affords a clue to her method of thought, the blind following of the exact letter of the Bible: —

"Give to the trump a certain sound,
'What of the lowering night?'
The literal Scriptures be your bound
And preach with all your might."

APPENDIX N (See page 257)

WHITTIER TO ——

This letter, now in possession of the editor, came on the market recently. It has not been practicable to learn its history, or to identify the person addressed: —

Amesbury, 30, 7 *Mo*, 1867.

My dear Friend:

For pity's sake, don't victimize me by a detail of small gossip about me. My public life is public property — but I shrink with perfect horror from personal and private histories. I hope thy lecture will be free from such. Privately I am nothing that concerns the public; and I think any attempt to enter into private and personal matters would infallibly disgust an audience. I know that a Mr. —— of —— did something of the kind last year, and everybody who felt any interest in me was indignant at his course and want of discretion.[1] I am sure thy good sense will tell thee to avoid such a mistake.

My brother, I know, will look at the matter in the same light.

Do thee recollect what Dr. Johnson said to Boswell: "Sir, I am told you are writing my life; if I thought so, I would anticipate you by *taking* your own!" I shall not be so bad as the Doctor; but I don't want my life written by anybody.

Hoping that the lecture may be successful and profitable, I am very truly thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

I do not want to meddle with the matter any farther. I shall trust to thy discretion and delicacy.

[1] [On the margin] "——'s lecture was well meant and highly eulogistic; but it's personalities spoilt it."

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